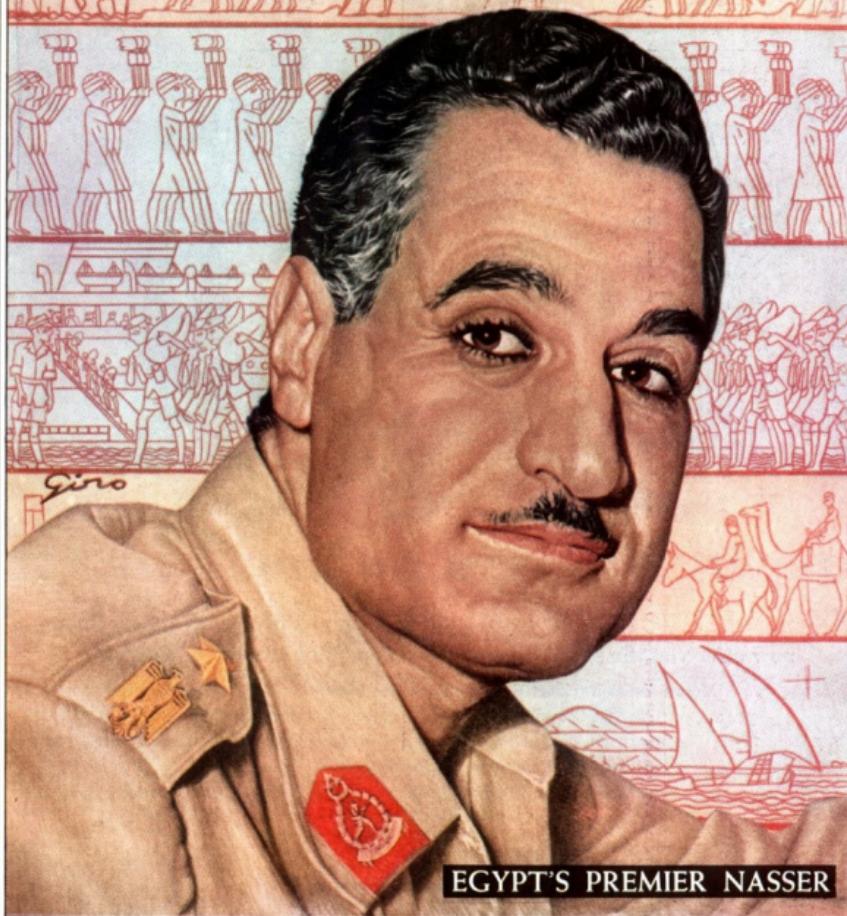


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SEPTEMBER 26, 1955

TIME

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You enroll in the Division of your choice. However, regardless of the Division you join, you will be able to choose records from any other Division. The monthly Magazine brings you complete, advance information about all Club Selections. It lists the monthly Selection and an alternate choice in each of the four Divisions.

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Your only obligation as a member is to accept at least four records a year from among all the Club's monthly Selections and alternates. This gives you a yearly total of more than 40 outstanding records from which to choose four. You may cancel your membership any time after purchasing four records.

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LETTERS

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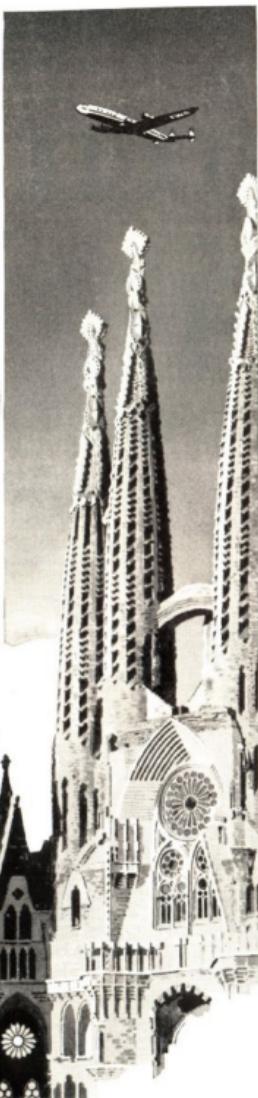
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Wouk's Star

Sir:

... Not only have you risen a notch in my esteem, but you have displayed a rare, delicate and wonderful sort of quality in your Sept. 5 tribute to Herman Wouk . . .

ERNEST MEZO

River Rouge, Mich.

Sir:

What a shame that a novelist with the narrative ability of Herman Wouk should use it to advocate the intellectually obnoxious doctrines of conservatism, conformity, mediocrity, orthodoxy, discipline, authority and obedience. The great novelists were tormented with difficult questions. Wouk has easy answers. In the '20s, H. L. Mencken would have laughed him off the library shelves.

MILTON SUBOTSKY

New York City

Sir:

... Your vain attempts in the past to make a first-rate author out of that primitive, Hemingway, were ridiculous . . . Your present attempt to make a first-rate writer out of the third-rate Wouk is another TIME spiel. Still, while he is not in any way nothing except a hack, he is right about the bohemianism of literature . . .

JOHN KALUS

Cleveland

Sir:

If the reading public has reached the point where it is shocked by Mr. Wouk's advocacy of decency, honor, discipline, authority, chastity before marriage, etc., then the public is in a parlous state . . . Mr. Wouk's books are a healthy sign that U.S. fiction is taking a turn for the better . . .

PAMELA M. LOWRY

Toronto

Sir:

... It's about time the overglamorized woman who goes from bed to bed takes second place to the more interesting woman.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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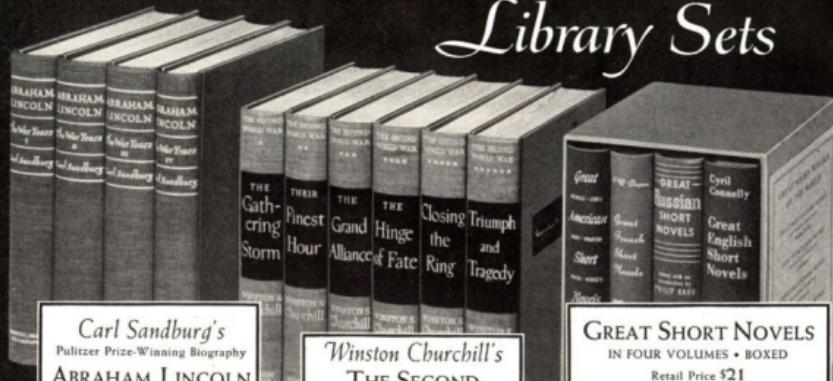
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September 26, 1955

Volume LXVI
Number 13

TIME, SEPTEMBER 26, 1955

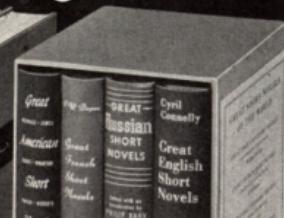
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OMEGA
THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

who tries to find her happiness while living in harmony with her conscience . . . it isn't the easiest way, but the rewards are so great . . . (Mrs.) K. SNYDER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

... You state Wouk "is a devout Orthodox Jew . . . who has achieved worldly success in worldly-wise Manhattan while adhering to dietary prohibitions and traditional rituals which many of his fellow Jews find embarrassing." Did it ever enter your reasoning that perhaps many Jews just don't believe in the dietary laws? . . .

ALFRED L. COHEN

New York City

Sir:

Your story on Herman Wouk and his blast against the irresponsibility of the intellectual could well be pointed up by Thomas Molnar's analysis of the rejection by the masses of the intellectual [Sept. 5]. Wouk's espousal of the family unit as a stabilizing force, and his recognition of man as primarily a creature of God, is in contrast to what Molnar calls the "rootlessness" of the intellectual. The American public may be uncultured, but they know the basic facts of life.

ANITA TEPPER

Reseda, Calif.

Sir:

... The intellectual has ceased to be a power in most of the world for the simple reason that he's said so little so badly for so long. With occasional exception, the problem has been with us since the passive 1930s. The jelly-spined intellectual was upbraided then by Archibald MacLeish in *The Irresponsible*. Despite recent attempts to discredit the eggheads, we find their visionary idealism to balance standpattism; we've a lot of that. Why not persuade intellectuals to sell their wares via TV in competition with other \$64,000 questions? . . .

GEORGE P. TENNYSON JR.
Portland, Ore.

The New Code (Contd.)

Sir:

As one of the few survivors of the surrender of Bataan, I would like to comment on the new Soldier's Code: It is 13 years late and falls somewhat short of its mark. If our officers had behaved like officers and our enlisted men like soldiers, the deaths in prison camps located in the Philippines and Japan would have been 75% less . . . The very large portion of our deaths in these camps was due directly to poor discipline

The code is a step in the right direction in that it recognizes the possibility of U.S. troops becoming P.W.s and the need for regulating P.W.s' actions as such.

(M/Sgt.) HARRY T. SIMMS
U.S. Army
Orlando, Fla.

Sir:

Better that surgeons cut out soldiers' instinct for self-preservation . . . than expect that code to be followed.

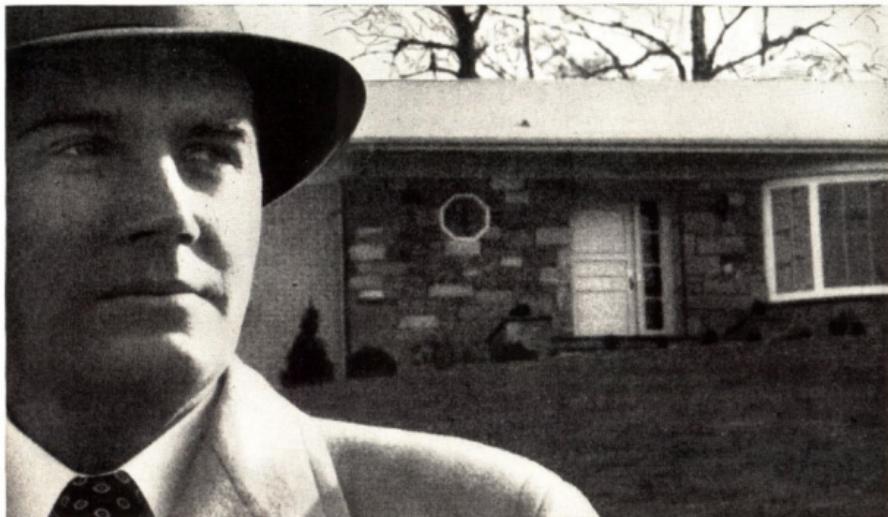
WILLIAM H. ABBEY
Charlton City, Mass.

Goodman & Son

Sir:

If my father, Edwin Goodman, who made Bergdorf Goodman the leading fashion store it is today, could read your Sept. 5 story on the Dior opening, he would be uncomfortably amused at the statement attributed to him regarding fashion imports [". . . You won't get any American designers to admit

Important news if you have a mortgage on your home!



Your home means more to your family than just a roof over their heads. It's the place where you share your lives together. In a way, it's the heart of your family.

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they have copied anything."]. But Edwin Goodman, who founded this firm . . . died two years ago.

ANDREW GOODMAN
President

Bergdorf Goodman
New York City

¶ TIME regrets attributing to the late Edwin Goodman the lively opinions of his son.—Ed.

Splitting Horse Hairs

Sir:
Your picture story [Sept. 5] on American horses was beautifully done. But shades of Hambletonian, Goldsmith Maid, Maud S., Dan Patch and Greyhound, how did you ever forget the most populous tribe of them all, the standardbred?

CHARLES R. KOCH

Oxford, Ohio

¶ Most authorities, e.g., the U.S. Trotting Association and *Blood-Horse*, doubt that standardbreds are more populous than thoroughbreds. But for



Associated Press

CHAMPION SCOTT FROST

a well-bred example of Reader Koch's favorite breed, the three-year-old trotter and Hambletonian Winner Scott Frost, see cut.—Ed.

Sir:

Was not Tennessee's "Walking Horse" bred to alleviate matutinal discomfort caused by Tennessee Sour Mash?

WASHINGTON DODGE

New York City

¶ Isn't Wall Street Analyst Dodge overlooking the pleasures of southern comfort?—Ed.

Amendment's Amendments

Sir:

Your Sept. 5 treatment of the Fifth Amendment issue was a remarkably lucid, informative and objective summary of both sides of the controversy. Lawyer [C. Dicker-
man] Williams' cogent arguments inject a welcome measure of common sense into an issue so muddled by smears, emotion and innuendo. Why not make such debates a regular feature?

JOHN H. DOYLE

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

TIME characteristically describes "The Fifth Amendment" as a "Debate" in its index, when it is actually a one-sided rationalization of what are apparently TIME's views. Why not really make a debate of this vital issue by giving as much space to Dean Griswold's views as to those of Williams?

NAT HENTOFF

New York City

Sir:

It is not the character of the testimony, but the fact that it is compelled . . . I can assure you that the Fifth Amendment has been too dearly won to be sold out to the pack of political hacks and people such as Attorney Williams . . .

ROGER T. HAWKINS

Washington

Sir:

Individuals, purged by congressional "inquisitions," are condemned, no matter what they answer to the questions fired at them. If a witness were to admit to having once belonged to the Communist Party, he is immediately a social outcast, no matter what the reasons for his membership, or his severance, unless, of course, he turns into a Louis Budenz and "rats" on others who are members of the party. In the latter situation, our erstwhile patriot becomes a national hero. If our witness invokes the Fifth Amendment, he is then automatically found guilty—by his silence . . . If he claims he is not, or has not . . . been associated with any organization . . . the shadow of doubt lies in the minds of those who know he was a witness in such hearings . . .

(Pvt.) PETER L. FISHEL
U.S. Army

Fort Jackson, S.C.

Sir:

The prohibition against compulsion contained in the Fifth Amendment was evolved by courts of common law through many centuries to prevent the use of torture inquisitorial proceedings. The current controversy over refusal to answer appears to revolve around the inferences to be drawn from such refusal. Obviously, an inference of possible guilt is reasonably drawn from such a refusal. One who refuses to answer is a "suspect," but he is not a "convict" subject to the full sanctions of the criminal law, because the issue as to guilt is not proved . . . by silence alone. Our problem with Fifth Amendment invaders is: What should society do with "suspects"? Suspects should not hold positions of trust, but on the other hand, mere suspects should not suffer criminal punishment until and unless they become convicts.

The Amendment is vital to our adversary system of justice; it prevents the worst abuses of the inquisitorial method and should be retained, but the public may draw such inferences, and utilize whatever social and political, but noncriminal, sanctions against those who invoke it that it sees fit.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Mistaken Identity

SIR:

RE TIME'S STATEMENT IN ITS SEPT. 12 ISSUE THAT FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK'S HONG KONG BRANCH "STARTED TO HIRE NATIVE WORKERS WHENEVER POSSIBLE, BUT SLOWED DOWN WHEN IT FOUND THAT IT WAS LOSING ITS IDENTITY AS AN AMERICAN BANK SELLING AMERICAN SERVICE"; NATIONAL CITY THROUGHOUT ASIA HAS, SINCE WORLD WAR II, REDUCED THE PROPORTION OF AMERICANS IN ITS SENIOR RANKS AND INCREASED THE PROPORTION OF LOCAL EMPLOYEES IN SENIOR POSITIONS, IN DOING SO IT HAS UNDERSTANDABLY SOUGHT TO RETAIN ITS IDENTITY AS "AN AMERICAN BANK SELLING AMERICAN SERVICE," AND HAS ADJUSTED ITS EMPLOYMENT POLICY TO THIS NECESSITY, BUT SO FAR AS I KNOW IT HAS NEVER HAD CAUSE TO FEEL THAT IT WAS "LOSING ITS IDENTITY AS AN AMERICAN BANK" IN HONG KONG OR ELSEWHERE.

JOHN OSBORNE

Hong Kong

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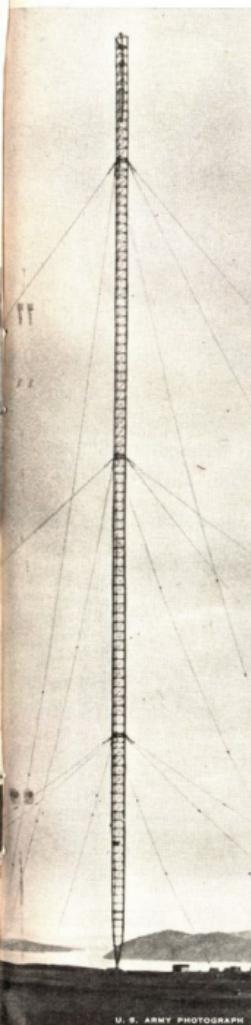
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This mother and children are pretending their house is on fire — crawling below smoke level to find a window for escape. This is one of 9 lifesaving games to be found in Liberty Mutual's free handbook of fire drills, "Play for Your Life." Liberty's fire-prevention work is one reason why policyholders have received 25% savings on fire insurance every year since 1908. Liberty Mutual was founded as a policyholder-owned company to lower insurance costs through direct dealing and efficient service.



MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



U. S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH



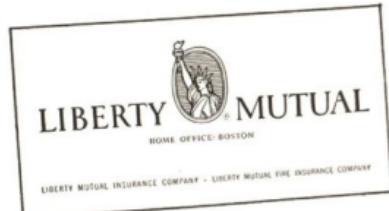
WRONG & RIGHT. About 22% of all industrial injuries occur while handling materials. This is one of the nation's largest sources of accident loss. Cost has been estimated up to \$400,000,000 yearly. That's why Liberty Mutual's loss-prevention engineers devote so much attention to materials handling in policyholders' plants. Top picture shows wrong way to lift a heavy package — it may lead to back strains. Proper technique is shown at bottom.

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"I WAS REALLY MAD! He drove into my car without even looking and then tried to blame the whole thing on me. Threatened a damage suit, too. He might have gotten away with it if it hadn't been for the Liberty Mutual claimsman. He took over fast when I called him — interviewed the witnesses — soon established how the accident really happened. The idea of suing me was dropped." This is a typical instance of Liberty Mutual protection and service. Wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada or Hawaii, Liberty Mutual claimsmen are available 24 hours a day. He's paid a salary to look after his policyholders. He has no other interests but yours.

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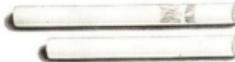
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Fine tobacco is its own best filter. PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobacco travels the smoke further—filters the smoke, makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, satisfaction no other cigarette can offer.



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You get more than greater length. PALL MALL tobacco is the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak, delicious, and distinctively PALL MALL.



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PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gives you extra self-filtering action. PALL MALL filters the smoke, so it's never bitter, always sweet—never strong, always mild.

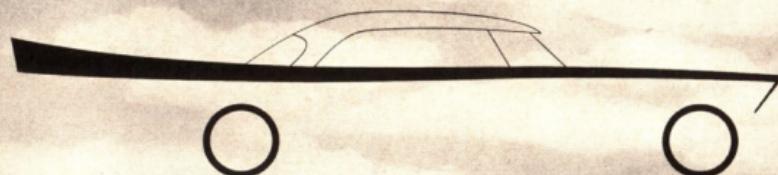
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Tops in TV Drama—"Climax!"—CBS-TV, Thursdays

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Steps Going Up

Since 1917, the U.S. has been more or less closely, more or less consciously involved with another vigorous, complex nation—Germany. Last week, when West Germany's leader, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, took the momentous step of agreeing to full diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, Americans knew that the news was important to them. But there was a considerable difference of U.S. opinion as to whether the news was good or bad.

Some of the doubts focused on the fear that a Russian ambassador in the West German capital, Bonn, might seduce the Germans from their alliance with the West. This fear was hardly worth taking seriously; one of the most conspicuous facts of postwar Europe is the failure of the Communist Party—or any kind of pro-Soviet attitude—to find any acceptance in the free political marketplace of West Germany.

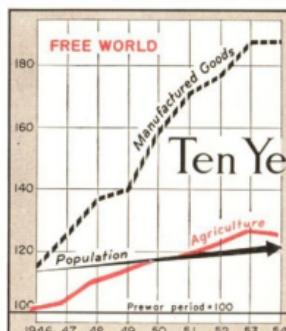
More plausible was another doubt that turned around Adenauer's failure to get any definite commitment on the reunification of his country. But the possibilities there were strictly limited. The Russians could have agreed to reunification, provided that the Germans agreed to get out of NATO. This was the hidden bait in the Kremlin's invitation to Adenauer. The Russians knew how powerful in German public opinion is the drive to reunite their country. Any German political leader less staunch than *Der Alte* might have been pressured into it. But Adenauer's loyalty to the Western alliance is so crystal-clear that the Russians did not explicitly ask him to budge. Nor could any successor to Adenauer, less loyal, inherently, to the concept of Western unity, afford to disregard the strength that West Germany derives from the West. It is perhaps this infusion that enabled West Germany last week to negotiate with the Russians as between equals.

Reaffirming his country's ties with the West, Adenauer agreed to establish diplomatic relations with Russia. Why not? From a U.S. viewpoint, only two points matter: 1) that Germany has not moved toward Communism or neutralism, 2) that any step toward the normalization of West Germany's relations with its neighbor nations is a step away from the danger that another German trauma will disturb the peace of Europe.

AGRICULTURE

More to Eat

In 1834, there died in a West England village a clergyman named Thomas Robert Malthus, whose bequest to mankind was a somber prophecy that the human race faced strangulation by graphs and curves. The world's population would



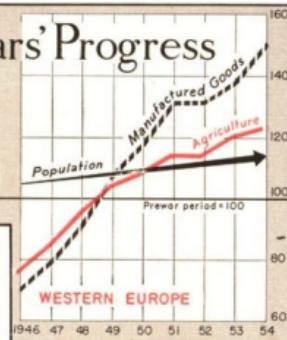
threaten to outgrow its supply of food, said Malthus, whereupon pestilence, famine and war would follow. During the following century, the world's population did increase, from one billion to more than two billion, but it was amply taken care of by the development of new foods from new lands, by more intensive cultivation of the old.

"The Scientific Revolution." In the lean years after World War II, a new generation of Malthusians sprouted. Between 1938 and 1946, world food production declined by 5%, whereas the population increased by 10%, and it was upon these figures that William Vogt (*Road to Survival*, TIME, Nov. 8, 1948) and Fairfield Osborn (*Our Plundered Planet*) based predictions of mass starvation. Last week, however, the world learned that the neo-Malthusians were wrong: mankind, more numerous than ever before, had more to eat than ever before.* The rate of increase of the production of food now exceeds the rate of increase of the free world population.

The news came out of a 236-page report

* Less the people of the Communist empire, of whom reliable statistics are not available.

from the U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization. The non-Communist world, reported FAO, is now producing 25% more food than it did in 1946-47. The non-Communist world is producing about 20% more rice, milk and cotton than it did before the war; it is catching 20% more fish; it is producing about 30% more wheat, meat and fats; about 50% more sugar. It has 2% more food available per capita, than it had before the war. FAO warned that there were many regions, e.g., back-country Latin America, where millions still did not get a square meal. On the other hand, some countries were now piling up surplus stocks of sugar, cotton



TIME Chart by J. Donovan

and wheat. And it was in Western Europe, wrecked by war and brooded over by the neo-Malthusians, but soothed by its industry and by U.S. aid, that "the most spectacular advances were made."

FAO ascribed the increase to three main causes: 1) development of land and water resources in backward countries and the provision of new incentives for peasants, such as land reform; 2) widespread adoption of price supports; 3) "the scientific revolution in agriculture." This technical revolution led by the U.S. is the most important factor in the increase. FAO notes that world use of commercial fertilizer has almost doubled since 1939 and that the number of farm tractors has been tripled.

The Sensational Effects. In its report on the U.S., FAO details the higher levels of productivity that are the hope of the rest of the world. From 1939 to 1954, the

number of U.S. farm workers declined from 11.5 to 8.5 million—yet productivity of U.S. acreage has increased by 47%. Corn yields have increased from the pre-war 1.6 tons per hectare (2,471 acres) to an average 2.4 tons for 1949-53.

The scientific revolution is having sensational effects throughout the world. Since the war, the average height of Japanese children has increased four-fifths of an inch, their chest measurement 1½ inches. In India, which was the neo-Malthusians' prime example of calamity, food production is rising as the birth rate falls. Concluded an Indian in New Delhi last week: "There is still deep poverty, but there is no actual starvation, as there periodically used to be."

The Readjustment

With a cheery smile and a pat on the back for everyone, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson returned from a 16-day tour of Europe last week to defend his conduct of office. He was the storm center of a mounting uproar from the farmlands that worried the Republicans and encouraged the Democrats to predict a "green uprising" in their favor in next year's elections. Minnesota's Democratic Governor Orville Freeman struck his party's keynote when he said that the Eisenhower Administration considered farming to be a stepchild of little importance in an otherwise prosperous economy.

At a press conference, Benson said: "I assure you, I have not been amused by some of the old efforts that are being made to make a political football out of the farm situation. I feel very firmly that agriculture is basically sound today, in spite of the prophets of gloom."

Benson admitted that U.S. farmers were caught in a cost-price squeeze: "It is real. But it is not new. The farmers know there is no easy way out."

Bonking the Soil. In the fall of 1955, U.S. farmers were going through a belated readjustment from the sky-high prosperity of World War II and Korea. Since 1947, the national farm income has declined 30%. The prices received by the farmers for their products have fallen 21% since Korea, while the cost of what they buy has declined less than 3%.

Last week hundreds of farmers thronged into Iowa barns to protest against the readjustment, and to demand the resignation of Secretary Benson. Confident that his course had been the right one, Benson intended to reduce price supports by 3% to 13% on five basic crops next year (wheat supports will come down from 82.5% of parity to 76%) and to cut back the acreage of wheat and cotton.

Benson was, however, considering several new plans to ease the readjustment. One plan was a "lease-land" program, whereby the Government would pay farmers about \$500 million a year rental to take about 40 million surplus acres out of production to "conserve fertility." Benson promised that there would be "no radical measures, like plowing under cotton and the slaughter of little pigs."

Charging the Taxpayer. Meanwhile, the Democrats made what they could out of discontent on the farm. Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler last week proposed 90% parity for basic crops on family-size farms, plus the extension of supports to hogs, eggs, poultry, beef cattle, whole milk and butterfat. Democrats generally favor the Brannan Plan, under which the farmers would sell their goods in the marketplace for what they could get, and the Government would make up the difference to a predetermined "fair return." Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, still recovering from a heart attack, announced that new farm price-supports would be a first order of business for Congress when it reconvenes; Johnson was serving notice that the Democrats

iet Union, will accept the President's proposal."

His optimism, said Stassen, was based upon these grounds: first, the Russians were asking intelligent questions at the U.N. about the President's call for an exchange of military blueprints and aerial inspection, "the kind we might be asking if we were considering a proposal by them"; second, the devastation of an atomic war and the peaceful use of atomic energy present "extreme alternatives."

The testing time, Stassen concluded, would come during the tenth General Assembly, starting this week, with a decision likely before Christmas.

The Man Who Came Back

Out of Red China last week came six of the 41 U.S. civilians due for release under the recent agreement at Geneva (TIME, Sept. 19). One was a young airline pilot; four were Roman Catholic priests, one of whom bore shackles marks. There was also Walter A. Rickett, 34, of Seattle, alumnus of the University of Washington and the University of Pennsylvania, who had been a Marine Corps intelligence officer on Iwo Jima. Rickett had gone to China as a Fulbright scholar in 1948, and since July 1951, he had been in jail for "espionage." After meeting Walter Rickett in Hong Kong, TIME Senior Editor John Osborne cabled:

RICKETT has a little brown mustache that quivers as he talks. His voice wavers often, as if he suffers from a deeper weariness than he knows. He is utterly sure of himself, and he is sure in particular that the Communists favored him with a unique opportunity to "think things over," and to "decide for myself that certain things are right and certain things are wrong." The Communists have not so much converted him as stopped the clock for him, and maybe turned it back.

Walter Rickett was known in Peking before his arrest as a fairly even-minded liberal. He talks today as an extreme liberal of the mid-'40s would have talked. He is driven to rationalize everything that the Communists do or say, including what the Communists did to him, and to assume that whatever the U.S. does is questionable and probably wrong. Rickett is, beyond all else, the ultimate example of what can happen to a non-Communist who does not believe or ceases to believe that Communism in itself is evil. He has made his personal accommodation with it. Now he must justify it, and he does so, maintaining with all sincerity that he is "not a Communist." His way of saying this tells everything: "I am an American," he says firmly. Then he adds: "It takes a pretty good man to be a Communist."

"Thinking Things Through." His justifications take sickening forms. Citing minor errors in the first press accounts of his release, he said that he was misquoted, that he had not seen other prisoners handcuffed, beaten or executed: "The Communists never beat anybody." Rickett conceded that the Communists did have



United Press

SECRETARY BENSON
How to ease the squeeze?

have at last found the issue that, they believe, will get them back into power.

On this political level, Vice President Richard Nixon last week replied to the Democrats, posing the alternatives to city voters as well as to the farmers: "We do not believe that American farmers are getting their fair share of America's unprecedented prosperity. We shall continue to explore every possible program which will remedy the inequity . . ." Later he added: "The showdown battle in 1956 will be between those who want to nationalize and socialize basic American institutions and those who prefer the Eisenhower Republican program."

FOREIGN RELATIONS Optimist

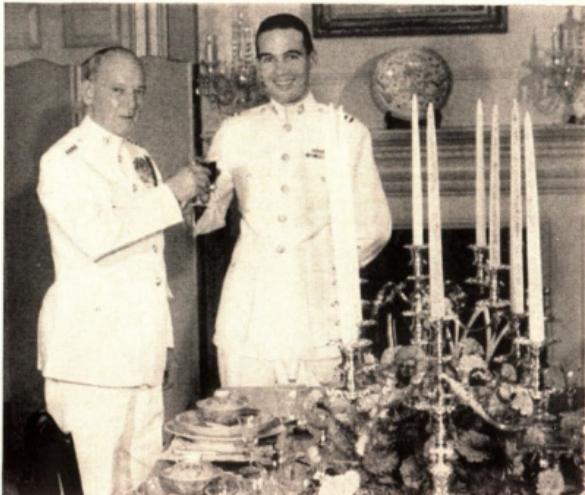
In Denver last week, Presidential Assistant Harold Stassen reported to President Eisenhower on the U.N. deliberations on the limitations of arms (TIME, Sept. 12). Said he: "The odds are that the General Assembly, including the Sov-

three methods of physical persuasion. They handcuff your hands in front of you; they handcuff them in back; and they manacle hands to feet. "Now being handcuffed is damned inconvenient," said Rickett. "If you have to go to the toilet, for example, it's embarrassing to have to ask somebody to help you, and it's hard to sleep with your hands behind you, but it's not bodily harmful. It doesn't really hurt you."

The cells in his prison, Rickett continued with a faint smile, had wooden doors, and the guards sometimes forgot to lock them. "Most of us would shout to the guards to come and lock the doors, and they appreciated it. But there was a fellow next to me who would not behave himself. One day he tried to kick his door down, and the guard just came and said to him, 'Now what do you think that solves?' and locked it and left him alone. And that's the way it was. It's a matter of thinking things through, as the Communists do. Most of us realized that if you behaved yourself you could have a good chance of a good future."

Definition of Spying. Rickett tried to explain how it was after four years of imprisonment that he considered his jailer right and his own country wrong. When he first went to Peking in 1948, he thought the Communists were wrong; he thought that the Russians were coming down into China, that the U.S. should stop them. "After my arrest, I came to realize that the Chinese had a right to run their own country any way they wanted to run it. The new China exists. It is there, and it is a fact. No matter how we feel about it, we have to live with it."

Rickett is obsessed with the evils that he attributes to Chiang Kai-shek. "When I criticize the U.S., what I am really criticizing is its position on Formosa." He believes that the U.S. should abandon



N.Y. Journal-American—International
MARINE COMMANDANT SHEPHERD & CAPTAIN McCUTCHEEN IN WASHINGTON
High above the bread plateau.

Formosa and drop its embargo on strategic trade with Red China. He remarked with quiet satisfaction that from what he had heard about the Geneva negotiations (which resulted in his release), "things are going the way I think they should." He claimed that he had been a U.S. spy, but, when questioned, he admitted that he had merely reported his observations of China to an American consul. That's spying, said Rickett. Walter Rickett concluded: "I feel that as an American I have a right to say what I please."

ARMED SERVICES

Semper Chow

After one splendidorous night last week, about as many living, breathing citizens remained unaware of Marine Captain Richard S. McCutchen, 28—the first man to dare "The \$64,000 Question"—as there are whooping cranes left on the North American continent.

To 55 million televiewers who saw him conquer an admiral's dream of Everest, Dick McCutchen proved a perfect dish. Shaken well, he had the drawing deference of a vintage Jimmy Stewart, the nerve of a river-boat gambler, and the Montezuman morale of a Marine. Not the least, he had an astronomical gastronomical education, inherited from his globetrotting naval-officer father, who has spent years accumulating exotic recipes.

To Paris With Hunger. Now a 55-year-old retired captain (Annapolis '23), father John McCutchen first invaded his wife's kitchen in San Francisco in 1932; between "fiddling with cake-baking," he roamed the city's fabled restaurants, pored over cookbooks. For Dick's tenth-

birthday party he whipped out a succulent Lobster Newburg ("not exactly for a kid's stomach, but that's what he wanted"). Permanently intrigued, Dick thenceforth stirred while "The Skipper" mixed the local delicacies of Manila, Tsingtao or New Orleans. In Panama, on lazy Saturday afternoons, the gourmets caught and char-grilled barracuda, red snapper or king mackerel together off Farallón Sucio.

The Skipper never served in Paris, the fount of his lore, but Dick did. Foresightedly, the Marine Corps sent the young officer there in 1952 to command the U.S. embassy guard, a plush detail enabling him to swallow new wines and sauces at great restaurants, while adding and subtracting their stars in the *Guide Michelin*. After a hitch in Korea (where raw spider crabs caked in crushed red pepper failed to thrill him), Captain McCutchen went to Ohio State University to teach naval science.

The Big Gamble. To a man with a wife and three daughters to support on \$435 a month, "The \$64,000 Question" seemed a highly interesting game. In June he wrote a semiserious letter to the producers, beginning: "Being endowed with normal mental faculties . . ." They paid his way to New York, quickly appraised him as a genuinely knowledgeable candidate whose "warmth" and "sparkle" made him an acceptable contestant. In no time he had mounted the program's cash "plateaus" by identifying flour in five breads for \$16,000, five desserts for \$32,000 (tax-cut to \$20,000), found himself with the option of going all the way. Getting ready for his final appearance last week, he took his uniform to be cleaned. Pleaded the tailor: "Let me take it to my



Associated Press

RETURNEE RICKETT
They stopped his clock.

synagogue tonight and I'll pray over it." Dick went back to boning up on Volume 23 of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (vegetables, vitamins, wines), *The Wise Encyclopedia of Cookery* and Simon's *A Concise Encyclopedia of Gastronomy*.

As so often happens in final exams, the last minute cramming was wholly unnecessary. The question: identify five dishes and two wines on the now-famous menu of a royal banquet given in 1939 by King George VI for French President Albert Lebrun. The items: *Consommé Quenelles*, *Filet de truite saumonnée*, *Petits Pois à la française*, *Sauce maltaise*, *Corbeille*, *Château Yquem*; *Madeira Sercial*. The minute he heard it, Captain McCutchen knew he was rich.⁹ Inside the isolation booth he conferred with his father-advisor (for appearance sake only, it seemed), cracked his knuckles, and cracked out the answers. Squealed Emcee Hal March, amid crashing chords of *The Marine Hymn*: "If you're symbolic of the Marine Corps, Dick, I don't see how we'll ever lose any battles!"

Love That McCutchen. The program's sponsor, Charles Revson, president of Revlon Products Corp., had more than the occasion to be choked up about as he unhandled the Big Check. With an \$11 million advertising budget, Revlon was spending a cut-rate \$64,000 (plus prizes) weekly for a show that, according to one survey, was being watched on 84.8% of

* He might have been less sure if asked to identify the entire menu of that 1939 dinner. Dishes left out: *Rouennais à la gelée Reine Elizabeth*, *Garniture Buzancy*, *Mignonnette d'Agenais Royale*, *Pommes nouvelles rissolées au beurre*, *Poussin Mercy-le-Rouet*, *Salade Elysée*, *Asperges vertes*, *Bombe l'Entente Cordiale*, *Cassoulet Bassillac*. Wines left out: *Sherry 1863*, *Piesporter Goldtröpfchen 1924*, *Deidesheimer Kieselberg 1921*, *Perrier-Jouët 1919*, *Château Haut-Brion 1904*, *Royal Tawny Port*, *Brandy 1815*.

all TV sets in operation. So far, Revlon has paid contestants only \$175,000 and two Cadillacs. Sales of such Revlon paints and powders as Love That Pink, Living Lipstick and Touch and Glow are up as much as 50%. Its nearest lipstick competitor, Hazel Bishop, had been forced to pass its quarterly dividend.

On the man Revlon could thank most last week, admiration descended from all directions. Headlined *Paris Presse*: PRESIDENT LEBRUN'S GREEN PEAS WON \$64,000 FOR CAPTAIN RICHARD. British newspapers lovingly frontpaged the event. The U.S. Hearst chain extracted eight articles from McCutchen on his life and times (RE "CAPTAIN COOK'S" GUEST, shouted the headlines). State fairs besieched his appearance. Publishers begged him to write cookbooks. In a New York delicatessen, the proprietor refused to let him leave without a 3-ft. gift roll of salami. But from Marine Corps Commandant Lemuel Shepherd Jr. came the most important recognition of all: Captain Richard S. McCutchen, USMC, was ordered to Washington to review the sunset parade and dine (on roast beef) amid the general's shimmering crystal. That almost equaled \$64,000 (net \$32,850) any time.

LABOR

The Humanitarians

The International Longshoremen's Association shut down the port of New York this month with a strike that the leaders labeled "spontaneous." The strikers knew better. At one strike meeting a member got up and asked: "What are the principles for which we are going out?" Without a word, an I.L.A. goon stalked over and slugged him in the face. As he toppled over, I.L.A. Chief Organizer Teddy Gleason boomed: "Now I'll answer the ques-

tion. The principles are these: you go home, and you don't work. We don't want you guys asking questions."

The I.L.A. bosses called the strike against the New York-New Jersey Waterfront Commission, set up (with the approval of Congress) in 1953 to get rid of I.L.A. goons and racketeers. The commission had barred from the docks 670 hoodlums with criminal records, abolished the daily "shape-up" (at which I.L.A.-blessed bosses doled out jobs) and opened its own hiring halls for the port's 31,900 longshoremen. The I.L.A., which beat out an A.F.L. rival to win a union-shop contract last year, set out this summer to stop the commission's slow cleanup.

Last month a strike flared when the commission blackballed John McLoughlin, an I.L.A. pier boss and an ex-con (13 years in Sing Sing), arrested at various times for burglary, assault, gun-toting and bookmaking. A fortnight ago, despite court injunctions and its contract, the I.L.A. shut down the whole port—without a strike vote or any formal demands. Union leaflets demanded that the Waterfront Commission show a "humane approach towards men with police records." State governments of New York and New Jersey stood pat behind the commission. Last week, after eight days on strike, the I.L.A. settled for a face-saving formula: a citizens' committee to hear union complaints against the commission.

CALIFORNIA

The McGee Fire

September came to California with a wave of smoke and heat and threat of fire. From the coast hills clear up to timberline in the High Sierras, timber and brush were crackling dry and ready to flare like spilled gunpowder. Then electric storms came, and lightning lit the kindling; within ten days, 400 big and small fires flared across the countryside. By last week, when rain fell, some 300,000 acres had been charred to ashes by California's most disastrous fires in 30 years.

"**This Is a Classic.**" At noon one day early this month, a Sequoia National Forest lookout sighted smoke from the nearby McGee ranch. At 6 p.m., despite fire crews and bulldozers, the McGee fire topped a ridge and ran wild. Normally, air conditions at nightfall and along ridge lines slow down forest fires, but that evening hungry breezes sucked flames over the crest and down through the forest. Hundreds of spot-blazes flared up behind the fire crews, who pulled back fast. Thereafter, the fire and the fight raged for days.

Soon jeeps and trucks, bulldozers and tank trucks were trundling up the rugged mountain roads. The Forest Service called in National Guardsmen and volunteer crews from prisons (including the "Stanislaus Hotshots" who fought twelve forest fires without a single convict trying a single escape). It flew in 225 Zuni and Hopi Indian fire fighters, mobilized in all 1,200 men from foresters to migrant fruit



NEW YORK'S LONGSHOREMEN AT STRIKE'S END
The basic principle is a slug in the face.

United Press

pickers. Crew bosses hustled them through smoke and heat to the fire line, 40 miles long.

For three days firebreaks were slashed through the forest with 'dozers on the flat and hand tools on the steep slopes. Again and again the fire lunged across. Along Mill Flat Creek on the fourth day, the crews prepared a 20-ft. break and a final stand. All morning they stamped out blazes flaring up across the line. But at 2 p.m. the fire roared across, raced three miles in 38 minutes, destroyed a fresh 4,000-acre tract of prime timber—2,000,000 trees—before evening. "This," said one ranger, "is a classic fire. It's the kind the boys will be talking about for the next 20 years."

III Wind. District Ranger Lou Geil, 43, the fire boss, had no time to waste talking; the fire was storming close to the park's Wilsonia Village and one of its most precious preserves: a great grove with thousands of magnificent sequoias, including the General Grant tree, the second largest on earth (267 ft. high and 107 ft. in circumference).¹⁰ Geil mobilized every man possible, laid miles of pipeline overnight, pumped continuous sprays of water for 24 hours on smoking trees to save the village and the enormous grove.

By then Lou Geil was running the fight against the McGee fire ("a vicious animal," he called it) like a military operation. A veteran of some 200 fire fights during his 15 years in the Forest Service, he mapped firebreaks like trenches, set backfires like counterattacks to slow down the rush of the great blaze.

Every night as the evening shift of winds slowed down the inferno, he held a strategy conference with his staff. Every morning at his headquarters, in a commandeer summer-cabin camp, radios crackled with early reports from observers along the fire line. His orders flashed over two radio nets to the crews manning the fire line.

Up the twisting mountain roads to the fire area rumbled a stream of truck convoys with essential supplies: tools, pumps, stoves, snakebite kits, sleeping bags of disposable paper, and hundreds of other items. One of Geil's supply men ordered 500 lbs. of hamburger from a flabbergasted butcher in a nearby town ("take your time; take half an hour"). The men got food in their camps twice daily (at 4:30 a.m. and 8 p.m.), and box lunches on the fire line during the day. On the eighth day, with the fire almost under control, a wind sprang up.

Seedlings & Time. Smoke boiled 10,000 ft. into the sky; the fire raced with the wind through a deep-timbered basin towards the Boole sequoia (world's third



George Ballis

FIRE BOSS LOU GEIL (LEFT) & FIRE FIGHTERS
The farther you go the cooler it gets.

largest) and towards the steep gorges of the Kings Canyon, as deep in places as the Grand Canyon. "If it jumps down," said Geil, "we're in trouble. That's man-killer country. If we don't catch her here, there's no stopping her. She could go for miles on both sides of the river."

As the fire stormed downhill through the basin, Geil sent in a picked crew with curt orders to dig a last-ditch firebreak. His orders: the crew must be prepared to hole up in the cliffs, to live without supplies, lay through the fire if trapped,¹¹ but "tie up" the basin. They did. Last week a ranger and three Indians with 1,200 ft. of line clambered into Kings Canyon (which drops 4,000 ft. in two miles) to keep the fire from shooting along the canyon's wall. Hemmed in, the fire came at last under control. Loss: 17,000 acres of timber. The fight against the fire alone cost \$750,000.

Last week's rain wet down much of California, but at week's end fire still crackled in the deep combustible duff of the forest floor. In the Sequoia and other blackened forests, the Forest Service was making brisk plans to replant. Said Fire Boss Geil, his face drawn and his eyes hooded with fatigue: "We'll plant seedlings, and we'll prune them, and in 70 or 80 years we'll have the timber back. It'll take a lot of work. Tomorrow we start."

NEW YORK

End of Summer

In the cool nights that promised autumn after the long heat, city boys searched for new excitements.

In Brooklyn, Kelly Payton, 14, walked out of his tenement home, told his mother

• A ranger's advice: "If you get trapped, don't try to run uphill. You'll never make it. Go through the fire into the burned zone. You may get singed, but it gets cooler the farther you go."

he was going to get food for his pet pigeons. On the way, he met friends with a better diversion. By lowering a hook from the roof through the skylight of Benny's Live Poultry Market, they had just stolen four live rabbits, sold them for \$2 to a man they met on the street. Kelly and four of his friends, aged eleven to 15, returned to the scene.

Shortly, three police cars converged on the market to search for reported prowlers. Patrolman William J. Farley spotted shadowy figures scampering toward an adjoining roof. "Stop or I'll shoot!" he shouted. There was no answer. Farley fired a warning shot into the air. A scream, then moans ricocheted back. After climbing up on the roof, Farley and two fellow policemen found Kelly tearfully clutching his abdomen, his four companions huddled in terror near by. Ten minutes before his mother got to the hospital, Kelly died.

As he prayed with a priest who gave the boy last rites, Patrolman Farley wept. "This is the first time in 20 years that I ever used my gun in the line of duty," he cried. "Why did this have to happen to me?"

The next night, two girls, aged 15 and 16, were riding in a prow car with Detectives John Creamer and Philip Dennehy. They had told the police that one night in the previous week they had been raped by six boys on a tenement roof in East Harlem. The cops and the girls were looking for the gang of boys. The girls pointed at half a dozen boys hacking around on the sidewalk. "There they are!" they shouted. The boys raced away, the prow car hurtling after them—around corner after corner, into a one-way street. In the midst of oncoming traffic the car suddenly stalled. The detectives leaped out of the prow car, sprinted two more blocks on foot, roaring at the boys to

• The General Sherman sequoia, reputed to be "the oldest living thing on earth" (some 3,500 years) and largest of all trees, is 272 ft. tall and 101 ft. in circumference, weighs 2,150 tons (155 tons for the foliage alone) and contains 600,000 board feet of lumber—enough to build a whole town.



Paul Thoyer from Gilloon Agency

DEATH IN HARLEM
In the shoe, a telltale packet.

halt. The boys ran on, scattering. Both cops fired warning shots in the air. Two of the boys flitted down a dark alley. Creamer and Dennehy fired again, this time aiming at the fugitives.

George Martinez, 16, ran a few more steps, then slumped against the rear wall of a firehouse, a bullet in his back. As the other boys vanished, he died on the firehouse floor.

George's sister said that he had been at home the night of the rape. Sickened after seeing a five-year-old child killed that day by an auto in the street, she said, George had gone to bed early. "If he was sleeping, how could he have been in that group?"

But the girls identified George as one of their assailters. In his shoe, police found a packet of heroin.

DEMOCRATS

Fight Talk on Nob Hill

Last week about 500 California Democrats swarmed into San Francisco's Hotel Fairmont on Nob Hill for a \$100-a-plate dinner. They got their money's worth: the featured speaker of the evening, Pennsylvania's bright young (37) Governor George Leader, gave the Californians just the sort of fighting talk that they wanted to hear and helped make the affair a boisterous success.

A string ensemble strummed *Happy Days Are Here Again* and, for a while, it almost seemed as though the Democrats had never fallen upon unhappy days. In the hotel lobby party workers raffled off a mink coat, while in the Fairmont's Cirque Room, Democrats clustered admiringly around James Heavey, a 30-year-old draftsman who won a place in the Democratic hagiology when he had a brush with Secret Service men last year after

heckling Vice President Richard Nixon at a San Mateo rally.

Hasty Exit. The guests were, however, reminded of their party's recent ill fortunes by the unusual performance of Richard Graves, last year's unsuccessful nominee for governor of California. Soon after the dinner began, Graves breezed in through a side door. When the crowd applauded, Graves beamed, nodded, waved, and proceeded to the head table, where he had not been invited to sit. He made his way down its length, shaking each and every right hand, until, near the end of his tour, he slipped, tried desperately to balance himself, failed, and jammed his arm through a Venetian blind. Then he exited and was not seen again.

On hand to introduce Governor Leader was Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler. When Butler's talk seemed to be running a bit long, some of the guests grew impatient to hear Leader. "Where's that boy from Philadelphia?" cried a man at a corner table. Replied Butler: "He's from Harrisburg, and he'll be with you in a minute." Then, with a grin toward the corner table, he added: "That California wine is wonderful, isn't it?"

Back to the Farm. Pennsylvania's Leader was substituting for Harry Truman (who said he had been ordered by his doctor to withdraw from his scheduled appearance). But at times it seemed that Leader had merely picked up "Give-'Em-Hell Harry's" script.

"It should be made perfectly clear," said Leader, "that it is a matter of indifference to the Democratic Party whether Eisenhower runs again or not. We are very happy to take him on as the best the Republican Party has. To defeat a Richard Nixon for the presidency would be like taking candy from a baby's hot, sticky little hand . . .

"It is time that all Democrats, everywhere, make it clear to the President that the honeymoon is over; that he and no one else is responsible for the Administration which he heads; that Talbott and Hobby and Benson and Dixon-Yates are not individual failures—they are Eisenhower failures . . .

"The truth is that the Republican Party leadership has never hesitated to put politics first and America last . . . Eisenhower, Bricker, Dulles, Nixon—the whole lot of them—were shameless demagogues in 1952. They exploited the hardships and the losses of the Korean War as President Truman's private 'police action,' undertaken by some strange quirk of logic, because Secretary Acheson was 'soft' on Communism . . . Then, as we all know, the Eisenhower Administration proceeded to make a peace in Korea on terms for which a Republican Congress would have undertaken the impeachment of Harry Truman."

Later he said: "The Geneva Conference, now shining as a star in the administration's crown, was only made possible because the shift in control of the Senate to the Democratic party, Dulles remained reluctant; the President was still bashful. It was Senator Walter George, Democratic chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who gave them impetus—and it was a rather sharp kick in the right place." Leader's punch line brought howls of delight from his audience. "As Governor of Pennsylvania," he said, "a very real pleasure will come to me. I will have the honor of welcoming as a permanent resident of our state, for seven days a week and 52 weeks a year, a former President and a General of the Army of the U.S.—a man who longs, as we all know, for the comforts of a handsome farmstead on the fertile soil of Adams County, near Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania."



HISTORICAL NOTES

"Dear Mamma & Mary"

A few days after President Franklin D. Roosevelt died in April 1945, his successor telephoned Jesse Jones. The President, he said, had appointed John Snyder, a St. Louis banker, as Federal Loan administrator. Jones was surprised. "Did he make that appointment before he died?" he asked. "No," snapped President Harry S. Truman. "He made it just now."

The Lonely Hours. The story is told on himself by the ex-President, in his memoirs, which begin in this week's LIFE. The first installment covers Truman's first 18 days in office—period of historic decisions, wrenching personal adjustments, "unbelievable burdens," and flickering self-doubts for the jaunty little man from Independence, Mo. "The presidency of the U.S. carries with it a responsibility so personal as to be without parallel," writes Harry Truman. "To be President of the U.S. is to be lonely, very lonely at times of great decisions." In the hourglass of history, Harry Truman's capacity for his high office and his stature as President may well be measured from those moments of great loneliness. For whatever else he did, the climactic decisions—to proceed with the United Nations, to drop the A-bomb, to go to war in Korea, to send aid to Western Europe—were Harry Truman's own decisions.

Truman hardly had time to absorb the impact of President Roosevelt's death and the immensity of his new job before he was called upon to make a big decision. Minutes after taking the oath of office—less than three hours after Roosevelt's death—he was preparing to hold his first Cabinet meeting, when Press Secretary Steve Early came into the Cabinet Room. "The press, he explained, wanted to know if the San Francisco Conference on the United Nations would meet, as had been planned, on April 25th. I did not hesitate a second. I told Early that the conference would be held as President Roosevelt had directed. It was the first decision I made as President."

After Early left, Truman spoke to the Cabinet. "It was my intention, I said, to continue both the foreign and the domestic policies of the Roosevelt Administration. I made it clear, however, that I would be President in my own right, and that I would assume full responsibility for such decisions as had to be made." After the Cabinet meeting, Secretary of War Henry Stimson lingered behind. "[He] told me that he wanted me to know about an immense project that was under way—a project looking to the development of a new explosive of almost unbelievable destructive power. That was all he felt free to say at the time, and his statement left me puzzled. It was the first bit of information that had come to me about the atomic bomb." With the events of that first day whirling in his head, Truman finally returned to his family. That night, he reports: "I went to bed and to sleep."

A Strenuous Time. In the first trying days, Harry Truman was almost overwhelmed with his work, but he found time to write proudly to his 92-year-old mother and his sister, back in Grandview, Mo. "Dear Mamma & Mary," he wrote. "I have had a most strenuous time for the last six days . . . Monday, the Congress had to be told what I would do. I took all Sunday afternoon, half the night and until eleven a.m. Monday to get the job done on the speech. But I guess there was inspiration in it, for it took Congress and the country by storm, apparently." There were other, less self-assured letters: "Things have gone so well, that I'm almost as scared as I was Thursday, when Mrs. R. told me [about Roosevelt's death]. Maybe it will come out all right."

Harry Truman has a great reverence for the office of the presidency, and one of

Byrnes became Secretary of State three months later.

"I've Paid the Rent." In the goldfish bowl of the presidency, the Truman family felt acutely uncomfortable. "Dear Mamma & Mary," wrote the President. "This afternoon we moved to this house, diagonally across the street (Penn Ave.) from the White House, until the Roosevelts have had time to move out of the White House. We tried staying at the apartment, but it wouldn't work. I can't move without at least ten Secret Service men and 20 policemen. People who lived in our apartment couldn't get in and out without a pass. So—we moved out with suitcases. Our furniture is still there and will be for some time . . . But I've paid the rent for this month and will pay for another month if they don't get the old White House redecorated by that time."



THE INAUGURATION OF HARRY TRUMAN*
At times of great decisions, lonely—very lonely.

International

his first concerns was the line of succession. When James Byrnes came in one day, Truman told him that he was a candidate for appointment as Secretary of State after the San Francisco Conference. "As matters now stand, the next man in line after me was the Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius Jr. Stettinius, however, had never been a candidate for an elective office, and it was my feeling that any man who stepped into the presidency should have held at least some office to which he had been elected . . .

"There was still another consideration, though it was mostly personal. Byrnes had felt that by virtue of his record of service to the party and the country he had been the logical choice to be the running mate of Franklin Roosevelt in the 1944 election. As it turned out, Roosevelt and the convention willed otherwise, and Byrnes undoubtedly was deeply disappointed and hurt. I thought that my calling on him at this time might help balance things up."

As the San Francisco Conference approached and the war in Europe waned, Truman began to be more concerned with international affairs. The Nazi armies were disintegrating, and Winston Churchill telephoned from Britain to discuss a peace feeler that had reached him from Heinrich Himmler. On his way to San Francisco, Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov called at the White House and got an unexpected dressing down from Harry Truman. Russia was not living up to its Yalta agreement on the composition of the Polish government, and Truman had some testy comments to make about the necessity for keeping obligations. "I have never been talked to like that in my life," Truman says Molotov said.

"I told him, 'Carry out your agreements, and you won't get talked to like that.'" After two weeks, Harry Truman was clearly President in his own right.

* On his left: Admiral Leahy, Bess & Margaret.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE CASE AGAINST RECOGNIZING RED CHINA

STANLEY K. HORNEBECK, *onetime chief of the State Department's Office of Far Eastern Affairs in FOREIGN AFFAIRS:*

THREE is little or no warrant for believing that our recognition of the Central People's [i.e., Chinese Communist] Government would cause the Communist world or any part of it to modify its over-all objectives and thus resolve or diminish the ultimate cause of tensions in Asia. The net effect probably would be to increase the self-confidence, the will to conquer, and the capabilities of the Soviet-Communist empire. Those who think otherwise would do well to review our recognition of the Soviet Government, and British recognition of the Central People's Government. The Soviet Government gave promises—to desist, to refrain, to perform and to permit. Which of its promises has the Soviet Union honored? In what respect have its Communist rulers altered their over-all objectives?

The United Kingdom transferred its recognition from China's National Government to the newly established Central People's Government in 1950, without trading and on a basis of wishful assumption and trustful hope. In what respect has Communist China altered its objectives or shown itself to have been affected for the better by that gesture of confidence? Has the United Kingdom succeeded in exercising a "restraining influence?" The Central People's Government has snubbed the United Kingdom officially, confiscated British properties, destroyed British business and abused British nationals.

Nor is there warrant for the contention that recognition of the Central People's Government would give American policy-makers and negotiators greater latitude for manoeuvre, greater freedom of choice. It presumably would relieve the United States of some commitments, momentarily embarrassing, to the National Government; it would reduce at least one of the areas of discord between the United States and some of its allies; and it would satisfy at least one of the demands of the Communist world. But it simultaneously would enmesh the United States in commitments to a government hostile to the free world and party to the conspiracy which seeks to destroy it. In total effect it would reduce rather than enlarge the area wherein American policy-makers are free to make choices.

Recognition of the Central People's Government by the United States would presumably be followed promptly by its admission to the United Nations. Were this accompanied by the ejection of the National Government, it would mean

one more delegation contributing to the Soviet-directed Communist effort in that forum and one less on the side of the free world.

One lesson should be learned: the Communist world will bargain, but Soviet Communist over-all policy is not for sale and cannot be purchased. Promises, yes; but abandonment of purposes, no. Change of heart, perhaps some day and for some reason, but not in return for "concessions" or to honor promises. In no transaction should the United States rob Peter to pay Paul. At no time should the United States think it possible to buy Communist basic policy.

A GOVERNMENT'S RIGHT TO DEMAND INFORMATION

The national Catholic weekly AMERICA:

AMERICA'S search for a solution to the problem of loyalty and security has turned of late to Chief Justice John Marshall, whose interpretation of privileges protected by the Fifth Amendment may help us to know what to do about uncooperative witnesses. Under Marshall's interpretation in the trial of Aaron Burr, it is clear that a witness may refuse to disclose any information which might aid in convicting him of crime, but that the Government has a right to demand from its citizens all other pertinent information in a legitimate inquiry. Embarrassment, or even disgrace, therefore, will not excuse a witness from responding.

To say that government has a right to demand cooperation from its citizens presumes that the citizens have a moral obligation to cooperate with legitimate government. This was something generally presumed in Marshall's time, but today it is something that Communists deny and others have lost sight of. Witnesses, then, who refuse to answer legitimate questions are challenging the foundations of political society itself.

The basic protection of rights is the moral law based on man's dignity. This same moral law, however, imposes on the citizen an obligation to obey legitimate authority. We cannot have it one way and not the other. If we believe that we have rights antecedent to government—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly—which may not be curtailed by any government so long as their expression does not endanger the common good, then we must also conclude to men's moral obligation toward political society. Each generation has its own contribution to make to improve human living. Our generation is being asked to discover an equitable solution for subversive political activity and to reaffirm the basic tenets of democratic society.

THOSE OLD SCHOOLS WERE NOT SO GOOD

SLOAN WILSON, *author of The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit and executive of the White House Conference on Education, in HARPER'S Magazine:*

THE idea that we once had marvelous public schools in this nation, and that modern philosophies of education have ruined them, is the most obvious kind of nonsense. What kind of public schools existed 50 years ago? City schools were dull and dingy buildings, with classes of 40 or more pupils common. Country schools were usually one-room affairs, with children of widely varying age and ability taught at the same time. Few of the teachers 50 years ago had anywhere near as much education of any kind as most teachers today. The elementary school curriculum was pretty much limited to the Three Rs, and the high schools confined themselves to a college-preparatory program.

As school enrollments increased, the demand of the public proved insatiable. At school-board meetings, wistful parents kept showing up to ask for something new. Why not courses in dancing and music and tennis—it didn't seem fair that the children of the poor should be entirely cut off from such things. Shrewd managers of factories appeared to ask that vocational education be tailored to meet their immediate employment needs. People worried about safety asked why courses in driving automobiles couldn't be instituted. Others requested courses in family life to help reduce the divorce rate, and instruction about alcoholic beverages to help reduce alcoholism. The schools were asked to encourage good citizenship, patriotism and international understanding.

In spite of that, an extraordinary amount of progress has been made. More education is being passed on to more children than ever before in history, as well as more health care, entertainment and all the rest of it. The advance is perfectly measurable: the average scholastic attainments of soldiers in World War II were tested and found to be much higher than those of the soldiers in World War I.

Most suburban schools in America are incredibly good, compared to any sort of school in the past. Many centralized rural schools give the children of farmers an education as good as anyone in the nation can get. The people seem to vacillate between complacency at these gains and exaggerated horror at weaknesses which have not yet been overcome. Maybe everything would be all right if the public just realized the nobility of the goal it has set for the schools, and also realized the enormous amount of money, time and thought needed to achieve it.

FOREIGN NEWS

EUROPE

The Germans & the Russians

In the ornated music room of Spiridonovka Palace in Moscow, the great gaunt Chancellor of West Germany clasped hands with the masters of Russia. It was the signal that Europe's bitterest enemies had grudgingly come to terms.

There was no agreement to be friends, nor could there be any trust between Communist Russia, which holds half of Germany captive, and the Bonn Republic, committed tightly to alliance with the West. The agreement merely said, in stiff, impersonal terms, that both sides, for the first time since the mutual treachery of 1939-41, will establish diplomatic rela-

Adenauer's advisers knew it. With West Germans eagerly awaiting news of their imprisoned sons and brothers, Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano reminded the Chancellor: "We cannot go down in history as the delegation that left too soon." Adenauer agreed to try one last appeal to the Russians.

The man chosen to make the appeal was barrel-shaped Carlo Schmid, the only Socialist in the German delegation, and at times an eloquent man. Said Carlo Schmid directly to the impassive pair, Khrushchev and Bulganin: "Every man, woman and child in Germany is behind Dr. Adenauer's attempt to obtain the release of these missing Germans." Nikita Khrushchev was impressed. Perhaps, after

champagne, replied tartly. He could not resist a dig at the party boss, still butting in from the side. "Herr Khrushchev," said the German, "has never put a leaf in front of his mouth . . . It is not his manner." "But I don't carry rocks in my pocket," retorted Khrushchev. "We are going home," the Chancellor concluded, "convinced that our visit to Moscow was of benefit." He raised his glass: "To good, friendly, and not only diplomatic relations, because diplomats are not always the best of friends."

Raid on a Chicken Yard. That night Adenauer called his delegation together and explained his change of mood. "Gentlemen," he said, "they offered me the prisoners . . . People at home would



Ralph Crane—LIFE

BANQUET AT MOSCOW'S ST. GEORGE'S HALL: KHRUSHCHEV, ADENAUER, BULGANIN, BRENTANO & MOLOTOV
Rocks were parked in the conference room.

tions and work towards "mutual understanding and cooperation . . . in the interests of peace."

One Last Appeal. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer had arrived in Moscow determined to press for the release of German prisoners of war still held by the Russians, and to get the Russians moving in the direction of German reunification. He got flat refusal of one, an oral promise on the other. From the outset it was clear that the Kremlin, for all the talk of a "Geneva spirit," was in no yielding mood, and the historic meeting almost broke up with no agreements at all. Midway through the talks, both sides conceded that they were getting nowhere. One morning, in his special train in Moscow's Leningrad station, *Der Alte* slammed his fist down onto a table and snapped to his assembled lieutenants: "Order the planes from Hamburg. Let's get out of this place!"

Yet politically this was impossible, and

all, there is a basis on which to do business, he told the German delegates.

Breaking the Deadlock. That evening the diplomats assembled at a massive banquet in the Kremlin's St. George's Hall. Adenauer sat in the center, flanked by Bulganin and Khrushchev. The three men talked heatedly, emphasizing their points with gestures. At one point, Party Boss Khrushchev leaned across the German Chancellor and gabbed furiously at Bulganin. Then, in two quiet sentences, the Soviet Premier broke the log jam.

"I think you can have your prisoners," said Bulganin to Adenauer. "It will not be difficult to arrange if we also agree on diplomatic relations."

Konrad Adenauer was smiling thinly when Bulganin commanded silence for the toasts and, with Khrushchev constantly interrupting him, raised his glass and said: "Matters are moving ahead. I suppose all will end well."

Adenauer, toying with his glass of

never understand letting legal questions stand in the way of the release of their husbands, brothers and sons. We must accept this."

The next day the delegations met to certify the agreement. "The Russians looked like a pack of foxes after a successful raid on a chicken yard," wrote TIME Correspondent James Bell. "Chancellor Adenauer, pale and unsmiling shook hands with Bulganin without even looking at him, and stalked out without a word."

Adenauer had been forced to make in writing the one commitment the Russians had insisted on from the opening moment—diplomatic relations—and he had not budged the Russians toward reunification on his terms. "It is certainly not in the Soviet Union's interest to have a reunified Germany in NATO," Khrushchev said bluntly. Even the language of the communiqué emphasized the existence of two Germanys, and the Soviet line that re-

unification of the two is principally "a national problem of the German people," not something for the Western powers to meddle in. In return, Adenauer had got an oral promise from Bulganin that "before you reach Bonn, action to release the German prisoners will be set in motion."

To protect his position, Adenauer offered two reservations to emphasize what the agreement did not encompass. The deal implied, said Adenauer:

¶ No recognition of the "present territorial situation by either side . . . pending . . . a peace treaty."

¶ No surrender of Bonn's right to speak for all the German people, including inhabitants of "those German regions which presently lie outside the area of its effective control."

The Germans asked the Russians to incorporate both reservations in the communiqué. The Russians, as the Germans had anticipated, refused. So Adenauer put them out unilaterally for the record. The Russians briskly dismissed both. "The [Bonn] Republic is part of Germany," said an official statement distributed by Tass. "Another part of Germany is the [East] German Democratic Republic." Germany's borders were settled at Potsdam, the statement added. There the wartime Allies handed the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line to Poland, pending a final peace treaty.

A Bit of Plumbing. The signatures were scarcely dry before the West's capitals resounded with the confused sound of pundits trying to assess loss or gain. But the Moscow meeting was not the kind that produces the means of any immediate measurement. An exchange of diplomatic relations represents in itself just a bit of plumbing, its value to be determined by what flows through it. The effect of the prisoners' release will depend first on whether they get home, and perhaps to a great extent on the stories they tell of others who died or remain behind. The conference's meaning to battle over reunification can perhaps begin to be measured next month at the Geneva conference of foreign ministers of the four Big Powers, who partitioned Germany in the first place and in the end are the only ones who can put it back together again.

Back in Bonn, when Adenauer returned, any misgivings for the future were drowned for the moment in the chorus of rejoicing over the returning prisoners. At the airport, a tiny, black-clad lady pushed through the crowd and kissed his leathery hand. "My heart thanks you!" she said (her only son had been a Russian prisoner for twelve years).

But Adenauer was grim and weary. "I think it was the longest trip I ever made," he told a confidant, and he did not sound much like the Chancellor who had left six days before with an air of confident self-sufficiency and diplomatic strength. To reporters he talked almost like a man with something to apologize for. "Take into consideration that the Soviet Union covers one-sixth of the earth's surface . . ." he said. "The conference was overshadowed

by the memories of the last war.* It was not like other conferences. Passions, not rule of logic, played the predominant role . . . The hospitality at official functions bore no relation to the atmosphere at negotiations. The hospitality was hearty. The negotiations were mordant . . . We I believe, did right . . ."

There were no such glum reflections in the Kremlin. Scarcely had Adenauer disappeared than a swarm of East Germans, headed by Premier Otto Grotewohl, flew in as if on cue. In the next few days, the Kremlin resounded with revelry as masters and puppets staged a weird, diplomatic *Walpurgisnacht* dance of triumph, like so many witches cackling over some treacherous bargain. "We laugh at Adenauer," crowed Grotewohl, and Deputy Premier

pensively. "Our word, spoken or written, is law." In a probable first step, the Russians this week announced amnesty terms for their own citizens imprisoned for collaborating with the Germans.

Then Communist Khrushchev went exuberantly on to correct any false impressions that may have been created around the world by the recent Soviet manifestations of sweetness. "To whom is the future?" he asked grandly. Not to those who journey toward "the tomb of capitalism . . . The East German Communist government has chosen the road to the future . . ." He looked at the assembled Communists from East Germany. "The time will come when they will knock at your door to recognize you."

Others had been speculating about Russia, Khrushchev noted. "It is said that the Soviet leaders smile," said Khrushchev. "This is not real smile. It is not false. We want to live in peace, in tranquillity. But if anyone thinks that our smile means the abandonment of the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin, he is deceiving himself cruelly. Those who expect this to happen might just as well wait for a shrimp to learn how to whistle."

FINLAND

The Russians Leave

Day after Germany's Adenauer left for home, the Finns popped into Moscow for a five-day visit. It was another of Moscow's surprises, capped by a concession. Premier Bulganin, indisposed from the "overwork" of the negotiations with Adenauer, was not on hand to greet Finland's 84-year-old President Juhu Paasikivi and Premier Urho Kekkonen when they stepped from the Russian plane that had brought them from Helsinki. But two days later it was Bulganin, pale but smiling, who informed the Finnish Premier that because of the "friendly relationship existing between Finland and the Soviet Union," Russia had decided to return the Porkkala base to the Finns and pull all Russian troops out of their country.

Porkkala is a 150-sq.-mi. enclave just southwest of Helsinki that Finland was forced to "lease" to the Soviets at the time of the 1944 armistice. There, behind a secrecy no Finn was allowed to penetrate, the Russians destroyed the homes of nearly 8,000 Finns and installed coast guns, jets and some 20,000 troops. Later they allowed trains to cross the peninsula, so long as steel shutters were drawn over windows. Heavy explosions in the area shook windows in Helsinki several times a week until recently. One night last week explosions were heard briefly again as the Russians prepared to leave. Heavily laden barges put out from the base, carrying equipment and supplies back to Russia.

The news made Finns uneasily happy. "How nice, but what is the price?" asked an old housekeeper. The Russians made no mystery of it. With the Geneva Foreign Ministers' conference on the horizon, they are maneuvering for a big new drive against U.S. military bases.



EAST GERMANY'S GROTEWOHL
A kiss on Walpurgisnacht.

Otto Nuschke, with the Russians' beaming approval, deliberately mocked at every Adenauer claim of achievement. "What Premier Bulganin promised Adenauer about the release of . . . prisoners was only the result of our work," said Nuschke. Adenauer had sworn that he would never negotiate with East Germany. Said Nuschke cockily: "There will either be unification of Germany by negotiation with the East German government, or there will be no reunification."

At a party given for the East Germans, Khrushchev rolled happily from table to table, kissed Grotewohl, punctuated his drinks with extemporaneous speeches. In his overflowing mood, he even spared a thought for Adenauer's worries. "The word we gave him will be kept," he said ex-

* One striking example, as revealed by Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov over the Moscow radio: "The Federal Chancellor told me yesterday that he had never seen Hitler, but that had he seen him, he would have strangled him with his own hands. Of course, we understand these feelings . . ."

EGYPT

The Revolutionary (See Cover)

Midnight in Cairo on the last day of August. In the Revolutionary Command Council headquarters in ex-King Farouk's old pleasure house on the Nile, a phone rings. A big man with grizzled hair answers it.

"The Jews are in Khan Yunis," says a tense voice. "I am ready to move now."

The speaker is Major General Abdel Hakim Amer, commander in chief of the Egyptian army. It has been a shooting week on the Israeli-Egyptian border, and a U.N. cease-fire is pending. Sent to the Gaza area with orders that any further Israeli action is to be met by massed retaliation, Major General Amer has action to report: an Israeli armored force has just crossed the ploughed furrow dividing the two countries and is laying siege to an old British police fort five miles inside the border.

"Hold it until daylight and then call me first," says the big man in Cairo.

By daylight, the Israelis have blasted the old police fort to rubble, killed 35 Arabs.

Amer asks permission to smash into Israel. "Don't do it," says the man in Cairo.

Gamal Abdel Nasser, a handsome, dedicated soldier of only 37, is the one man in Egypt who could give such an order and have it obeyed. Last week, further cursing some of his impatient lieutenants and the Moslem hotheads who would like to provoke a full-scale war with Israel, he endorsed United Nations efforts to create a buffer zone or stretch a barrier along the border dividing Israel and Egypt at the hypersensitive Gaza strip. There is an intimate connection between Nasser and The Strip. It was there that the fuse was lit to Egypt's 1952 revolution, and it was Gamal Nasser who struck the match.

Seven years ago, Egypt, a power in the Moslem world, had come sweeping across the Sinai Peninsula to throttle the infant Israel at its U.N. birth. But decades of corruption in palace and government paid off disastrously in lack of ammunition, inferior arms and cowardly officering. Captain Nasser's unit was surrounded at Faluja, a few miles from Gaza. He saw his commanding officer wringing his hands and crying: "The soldiers are dying! The soldiers are dying!"

Dug in under Israeli fire, Nasser, as he later wrote, reflected: "Here we are in these foxholes, surrounded, in danger, thrust treacherously into a battle we were not ready for, our lives the playthings of greed, conspiracy and lust which have left us here weaponless under fire." Said a comrade: "Gamal, the front is not here, it is in Cairo." Nasser turned to the front, plotted a revolution, toppled a king and rose to be ruler of Egypt's 22,500,000, the most powerful, most energetic and potentially most promising leader among the long divided, long misled Moslems of the Middle East.

Royalty's Contribution. Last week Premier Nasser's revolution was three years and two months old, and the front was still in Cairo. With the army apparently strongly behind him, Nasser is more firmly and more personally in control than ever. To the street mobs, often the governors of Egyptian affairs if not of their own hapless circumstances, he has assumed the proportions of a great leader who persuaded the resentful British to withdraw from Egyptian soil. He has promoted sweeping reforms in Egypt's administration. Under a program of land reform, some 660 sq. mi., or about 5% of the arable land of Egypt, most of it taken from the royal family, are being redistributed among the fellahin. He has become a prominent, sought-after guest in diplomatic conclaves across the world.

But the whirlwind enthusiasms of the revolution's early months are expended. Nasser's regime sits uneasily on its base of youthful inexperience and military dictatorship. There still has been no appreciable improvement in the common lot of the Egyptian people, one of the poorest, sickest, most abused on earth. Nasser has not yet been able to win from the International Bank a loan to finance a huge irrigation and power dam across the upper Nile, which Egypt sorely needs to correct the natural imbalance that now jams all but 1% of Egypt's fertile millions (the birth rate will double the population in the next 50 years) along the Nile. While neutralizing some enemies, he has made scores more—the defunct Wafdist politicians, the landlords, the diehard followers of fat Farouk, the Moslem Brotherhood, the handful of Egyptian Communists

(perhaps only 3,000), and some resentful officers of his own army.

Flashy dips into the diplomatic big time at New Delhi, Rangoon, Bandung have not obscured a year of setbacks in the foreign field. Nasser's hope of promoting a defense union among Arab states fell apart when, with U.S. blessing, Iraq signed a treaty with Turkey, a NATO partner. Only one other Middle East country, Saudi Arabia, has joined in Nasser's counterplan for a strictly Arab defense alliance. His plan to attach the Sudan after the retirement of the British was frustrated by a revolt in the south, the obstinacy of the northern Sudanese and the ineptitude of one of his chief lieutenants.

An Unholy Mess. The shortcomings and setbacks have disappointed those—both inside and outside Egypt—who began to talk of a new Ataturk when the dashing young soldier sprang up from obscurity and took charge. Yet in Western capitals, Nasser is still looked upon as Egypt's best hope for decent government, a moderate among the hotheaded many who would fight Israel even at the cost of suicide, a man who perhaps some day can grow into the dominant Middle Eastern leader he aspires to be. Even in Israel, officials say privately that they would be sorry to see Nasser fall from power. "Without Nasser," says a British Foreign Office diplomat, "Egypt will be one unhappy mess, another Syria."

The disappointments have also affected Gamal Nasser, an impatient man. They have set him to casting beyond his own regime and his own country for the causes of his troubles. "The West has decided that Egypt doesn't count," he grumbled.



EGYPTIAN GUARD AT THE GAZA STRIP
The match was struck, the fuse lit.

Mohamed Yousif

recently. "Therefore, because Egypt is troublesome, they've decided to wreck Egypt and isolate us." Admitting—unlike such neutralists as India's Nehru—that Egypt and the rest of the Middle East dare not remain defenseless against Communist expansionism, Nasser nevertheless disdains any defensive handclasp with the Western powers. "We are suspicious of all the great powers," he insists.

Nasser does not look like a man with a chip on his shoulder. He carries 200 lbs. with the lithe grace of a big, handsome All-America fullback. His wiry, close-cropped hair is greying at the temples and thinning just above the forehead, where there is a faint scar made by a police club. He has a big, slightly hooked nose and a close-trimmed black mustache, a row of regular, white teeth and a brilliant, easy smile. His eyes are piercing and brown, and he talks quietly, gently, and has never been known to raise his voice or lose his temper. Beneath his apparent softness, there is a streak of rough, tough ruthlessness. Last week in his Cairo office, he talked quietly, but he let the toughness come through.

"We have no hostile attitude towards America," he said. "I have always tried to build up friendly relations, only keeping in mind that these relations must not take us toward any sort of domination. But

gradually, I have realized that there is always some obstacle between us, and that obstacle is Israel. America helps Israel with money and moral support, and they use the money to buy equipment to be used against us. But when we ask America to supply us with arms for defense, nothing is done."

Alexander & Napoleon. Many Moslems have an unspeakable, uncontrollable hatred for Israel, but Nasser's emotion is a composite of worry, envy, chagrin and wounded pride that the little nation should have licked all the Arab states and come out of it with an army twice the size of Egypt's. "They'll take equipment anywhere they can get it," he claimed. "We are beginning to learn from them." It was his way of calling attention to the report that Russia has been offering to supply Egypt with arms, no strings attached, and perhaps even to finance its dam. So far Nasser has rejected the offer. Was he thinking of reconsidering the offer? The answer was a rueful grin and a teasing shrug.

The U.S. offered arms to Nasser shortly after he came to power, but he refused to sign a mutual security pact, or to allow a U.S. military mission into Egypt, as is normally required by Congress when a key to Uncle Sam's armory is passed out. His objection to any kind of pact with a

Western power stems from the long history of alien control that began when the Egyptian bootsy first fell to the Persians in 525 B.C., then to the Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, Mamelukes, French, British—to Alexander the Great, Mark Anthony, Napoleon and Kitchener. Nasser, like most Egyptians of his generation, cherishes bitter memories of the British, whose armed forces occupied Egypt for 72 years. "We have complexes in this country about some words . . . such as 'joint command,' 'joint pact,' 'mutual defense' and 'mission,'" he says. "Our experience is that foreign pacts mean foreign domination."

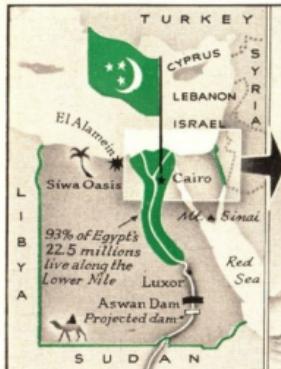
Nasser grew up in the period when resistance against the British was at its highest pitch, and the Wafid, a powerful national party, was engaged in a struggle with both King Fuad and the British, who never hesitated to intervene directly in domestic politics. Born in Alexandria, the son of a post office official, Gamal Nasser was a husky youth who played hooky from school to go to the movies, often flunked his exams. He was only 16 when he took up politics. "One day," recalls Nasser, "I was walking down the street when I found a fight going on between the police and a lot of people. I joined the people against the police. I didn't know what the fight was about. I was arrested. In jail I discovered that the people were the *Masri el Fatah* (Young Egypt). I joined up. We worked hard, and the government hated us. I stayed with them a year and then got disgusted over an embezzlement scandal." He joined other movements, other street battles. He led a school strike and was expelled. Said his father, a strict Moslem in the old tradition: "You'll ruin your life playing politics. You've failed at school. This is the result of the freedom you get."

A Few Like Spirits. Another young man, King Farouk, who succeeded his father to the throne at the age of 17, was already showing a cynical capacity for playing one political party against another for piasters and public laughs. Politics was confined to just the top level. The only movement which could claim to have roots in the people at this period was the Moslem Brotherhood, which had grown out of the personal following of Hassan el Banna, a schoolteacher who called for better observance of Islam and its purification. The Brotherhood tapped reservoirs of religious sincerity and fanaticism, but its political horizon was limited to a passionate xenophobia. "Ya Azeel, Ya Azeel, Dahiya takhud al-Ingleez!" (O Almighty, O Almighty, Disaster take the British) was the catch cry on a million lips. The British, meanwhile, ruled pretty much as they pleased and called the Egyptians "wogs."

Young Nasser entered the Royal Military Academy, enjoyed the orderly life and worked hard. At 20 he graduated a 2nd lieutenant, but soon discovered that the rottenness of Egyptian political life extended to the officer corps. "They were ignorant, of bad character and lived only by fawning on their superiors . . . I was



NASSER (LEFT), U NU & NEHRU CELEBRATE BURMESE NEW YEAR IN RANGOON
A fox came out of the foxhole.



shocked at the treatment of the soldiers." Nasser gathered a few like spirits together and led a protest against the bullying seniors. But World War II sent them all scurrying off to guard the numerous bridges over the Nile waterways.

Egypt was neutral, but young Farouk was suspected of intriguing with the Axis. At a critical moment in 1942 when Rommel was only 40 miles from the delta, the British, fearing treachery in their rear, surrounded the Abdin Palace in Cairo, and a tough British ambassador presented Farouk with an ultimatum: put the pro-Axis Wa'ad in power or be exiled. Farouk signed the order, smiling: "You will live to regret this, sir."

Egyptian pride touched bottom. The Wa'ad never recovered from the charge of being a "tool of the British" and became the most corrupt of all parties. A Premier who was about to propose declaring war on the Axis was shot dead in the Senate Chamber. The Moslem Brotherhood grew to membership of 2,000,000 with secret cells (called families) and a terrorist organization. But none was so humiliated and infuriated by the Abdin Palace incident as Gamal Nasser and his proud young friends. At the Officers' Club in Cairo a committee was formed, the first step in the Free Officers' Movement which ten years later was to sweep Farouk and all his works out of Egypt.

Nasser began organizing the year of Abdin. "I watched the officers who came through the schools. I'd get them talking in groups. Then I'd pick the best man in the group and talk to him in private." He married the daughter of a respectable carpet merchant, lived a quiet life. He did not look like a conspirator. Appointed to the staff college, he ran a cribbing service for those who wanted to pass examinations for staff jobs. Says he: "They were obliged to us." Looking around for a nominal leader who would inspire respect, he found Mohammed Naguib, a pipe-smoking colonel of blustery honesty. Tacit support was given by the Moslem Brotherhood when Nasser promised the Mufti of Jerusalem that he would help out with the Arab defense of Palestine.

The Time to Act. But when the Arab defenses collapsed and the Egyptians were forced by Israeli strength to make an armistice in 1949, Moslem resentment smoldered, later flamed up. "Liberation guerrillas" attacked the British, by then withdrawn to the Suez Canal zone. Then they cut loose in Cairo, where they burned bars, restaurants, movie houses (all sinful in Moslem eyes) and hotels frequented by foreigners. Farouk's wily government began to cave in and a state of emergency was declared.

The time had come for the Free Officers to act. "The original plan," says Nasser, "was to kill Farouk and all his stooges in the palace. We had 15 groups of three officers each to do the killings. But we decided the plot was too complicated, and we called it off at the last moment. If we failed to kill the King, the country would be hurt. If we succeeded, what then? Chaos?" A few days later they learned that there was to be a cleanup of officers. "We knew that they had our names." A plan was decided upon: 1) control of the army, 2) control of the country, 3) dismissal of the King by any means.

Says Nasser of the night of July 22, 1952: "I went from house to house giving our officers the word. My job was to convince them all that we were bound to succeed. I convinced myself in talking to them. At 11 p.m. I got word from our people in intelligence that the palace knew about the plot. I was without feeling. I was very tired. The officer asked if we should call it off and I said, 'No, the wheel is turning and it cannot be stopped.'" The wheel made its full turn in the next three days. Gentle Mohammed Naguib, 51, a good front man, was made commander in chief of the army; Farouk abdicated, and his Premier resigned.

The Free Officers began cleaning up: half the old officer corps, hundreds of police and some judges were fired; others were imprisoned. The press, radio and universities were brought under control. Nasser's young officers went into every department of government. An internal intelligence system was set up. The frantic, dizzying pace of affairs befuddled

Prime Minister General Naguib. "I would like to rule the country like Gandhi, without official responsibility," said he hopefully. He was not long for this rough game.

Seven Days Later. There was a sure way for the new regime to get a solid lease on power: get the British out of Egypt.

The British, except for some of the old Empire diehards, had the good sense to see that the new regime might be healthy for Egypt and hence for the entire weak Middle East. Washington pitched in to help keep negotiations alive and moving. After hard bargaining, Nasser, who then wore the title of Interior Minister, signed with Britain the agreement ending the long British occupation of the canal zone. (Under the agreement's gradual withdrawal clause, the British by last week had turned about half of the canal zone over to Egyptian control.) It was a momentous, street-filling, torchlight-parading triumph for the revolutionary regime, and it gave the Nasser junta fuel on which to travel for months to come. There was, however, grumbling from one sector: the Moslem Brotherhood saw betrayal of Islam in Egypt's agreement to let the British back into Suez if Turkey is attacked—the one vague link Nasser has allowed himself to make with the West.

Seven days after the triumphal signing, Nasser faced a cheering mob in Alexandria. As he rose to make his speech a man stood up in the audience and fired eight shots at him. Nasser remained standing and all shots missed. His first cry was, "Arrest that man." Then he stepped to the microphone: "Oh, my men, stand in your places. Oh, free men, stand. I revolted for your sake. I taught you dignity and self-respect. Oh, my citizens, my men, I brought to this country dignity and freedom, and I fought for your sons. Oh, free men, stand." The panic died away. Egyptians stopped and turned to listen to the passionate, guttural Arabic streaming out to them from the excited, exciting man who had stood so close to death. "Days of your heads, brothers, because the days of feudalism and colonialism are past." It was a moment, perhaps the moment of truth for

Gamal Nasser; it gave him the inspiration and the chance to step from the background and assume open command.

For one thing, the attempted assassination made it possible to break the Moslem Brotherhood's power to interfere with his aims. Six Moslem Brothers were hanged—one of the rare acts of bloodletting of the Nasser revolution. The Brotherhood's leadership was immobilized. By a curious coincidence, it was noted that a pamphlet put out by the Brotherhood bore traces of Naguib's hand. The genial general was asked to go, and meekly went into isolation in an expropriated palace on the Nile. Said Nasser: "He was a good man, though a simple one. He was really ignorant. Power spoiled him."

Since then, Nasser has gradually won over others from his inner circle and exerted a more commanding hand over

government and give Egyptians a parliament. Not even Gamal Nasser himself seems certain that he will keep that promise. "Throughout my life," he confesses, "I have had faith in militarism." The army is the only sector of power he so far has found it possible to trust, and even there he fears that unless he can provide more equipment, morale will fail and officers will weaken to subversion from the Communist left or the passion-inflaming Moslem extremists.

He is caught in a pragmatic dilemma, a revolutionary without a blueprint of dogma or a road map of ideology. "We began our revolution with principles, not a program," he said once. "We find that sometimes we have to change our methods. I have read much about socialism, communism, democracy and fascism. Our revolution will not be labeled by any of

a lieutenant colonel, but now he prefers a plain grey suit.

Few Egyptians and fewer foreigners have met the Premier's wife who, in the Egyptian tradition, takes no part in public affairs, but devotes herself to their family: three boys and two girls. Nasser, while he smokes, has never been known to drink anything stronger than Coke. His favorite beverage is a cup of tea, a habit learned from British officers.

Impatiently, he insists that his own moral standards apply to his government, and he reacts with feeling to suggestions that this is a hopeless wish. "All right," says Nasser impatiently, "they are corrupt; they are dishonest; they are venal. But they will be incorrupt and they will be honest!"

Another quality of Nasser's character, somewhat disguised by the disarming candor with which he speaks of himself, is his resourcefulness. His friend, Major General Abdel Hakim Amer, put it this way: "He is very good at chess. If he tries to win, he does. He is a fox. It's never easy to know his intentions." Says ex-U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, who was in Cairo when the Nasser forces took over: "He's been a plotter all his life; he's a master at it."

In a Hurry. It is easy to read a plot into some of Nasser's recent moves. Cairo's Voice of the Arabs radio pours a stream of anti-French propaganda into Morocco, and Nasser gives warm asylum to old Riff Rebel Abd el Krim, a key North African troublemaker, as well as to Jerusalem's Jew-hating Mufti. In the Gaza strip he allows, if he does not approve, the arming and training of the *Al Fedayeen* commandos, teams of Palestine Arab refugees which periodically cross the border to raid Israel. At the Bandung Conference last April, where he was hailed as a conquering hero of anti-colonialism, he pumped the hands of Nehru and Chou En-lai; he bartered a mass of Egyptian cotton for products from Red China. Last year, he sent a trade mission to Moscow, and next year he plans to go there himself.

But Western diplomats, though disappointed and occasionally disquieted by Nasser's flirtations with the neutralists and worse, ascribe these moves to a mixture of pique and necessity—such goings-on help to divert domestic attention from the domestic plight.

It is but a delaying game and cannot work for long. Gamal Nasser, a shrewd young man, if not yet an altogether wise one, undoubtedly senses this, and he is dogged each day by the sensation that time and a multitude of forces are working against him. "The longer I take to do things," he complains, "the less time I will have to accomplish them." He is not sure where he and Egypt are going, but he is in a hurry. "I don't think I am a dictator," says Premier Nasser quietly. "I don't have the character for it. I am sentimental, like all our people. But I am going on with the revolution—until I meet a better assassin."



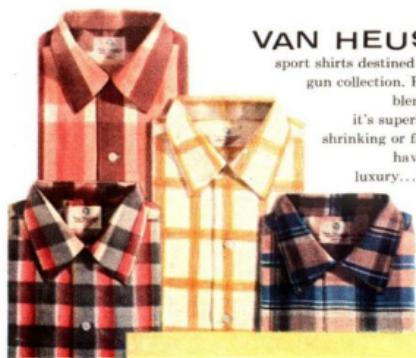
Paris Match—Gamma

the young officers of the Revolutionary Command Council. ("The Free Officers are my parliament," he once said of them.) In the first days of power, there were 14, and they met daily for six to eight hours to deal with problems as they arose. Today there are nine, all of them demonstrably loyal to Nasser personally. Among the departed are two said to be Communists (Yussef Siddik and Khaled Mohedine) and Abdul Moneen Amin, removed for disloyalty. Salah Salem, Nasser's vociferous Minister of National Guidance and Sudanese Affairs, famed as "the dancing major" of the Sudan (TIME, Sept. 12), was booted out recently because he had bungled the Sudanese program—or had been picked to take the blame. Cairo buzzed with talk that others also are on the way out.

While he expands his personal power, Nasser is coming closer to the day next January when he has promised to transform his military rule into representative

those names . . . We are not trying to copy anybody else's ideology. We are a country of 22.5 million; 18 million are poor farmers . . . deprived of personal liberty for 5,000 years . . . under the domination of landlords. Only when they are liberated from this will Egypt be truly free."

If earnestness were enough—which it is not—Nasser and Egypt would be making fast progress toward that goal. The Premier himself lives with remarkable austerity in a five-room, sand-colored house inside the army compound in Cairo's Abbasia military district. He allows himself almost none of the personal privileges now within his means. "I did not go there before," he once explained to an associate who wondered why the Premier refused to go inside the fashionable Semiramis Hotel. In the first days of power he liked to wear a military bush tunic, open at the neck, with a couple of rows of ribbons and the insignia of



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SOUTH AFRICA

The Silent Critics

Everywhere South Africa's Prime Minister Johannes Strydom looked, there seemed to be women—white women in black sashes, silent and contemptuous, heads bowed in symbolic "mourning for the constitution." Whenever he passed, they lifted their heads and stared.

It began soon after Prime Minister Strydom, who is determined that nothing shall stand in the way of all-Boer rule of South Africa, rammed through his law breaking the Senate's power to obstruct him. Every day all day, four black-sashed women stood gravely outside the government buildings in Pretoria. They were members of the Women's Defense of the Constitution League. In the two months since, the few have grown to 20,000 members in 200 towns. Whenever a Minister arrived at a public ceremony, 40 or 50 women gathered and formed a silent gauntlet. When one Cabinet Minister flew from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth to Durban to Johannesburg, Black Sashers were on hand, 50 strong, at each airport to give him a grim, silent greeting.

"Foolish Virgins." Slowly, under the women's blank stares, government officials resorted to defensive measures. At a ceremonial opening of a police barracks, Minister of Justice C. R. Swart scrambled over a fence to avoid walking through the Black Sashers' gauntlet. Ministers took to concealing their movements, ducking through side doors, arriving at parties or weddings without warning, buying theater tickets under false names, asking meeting organizers not to announce scheduled speeches. Nothing helped. The women were always waiting. The government was goaded into irritable complaint. "Weeping Winnies," one Minister called them, and Prime Minister Strydom himself gaped nervously at "these foolish virgins."

One day last week 25 Black Sashers formed a double line outside the Bloemfontein city hall, where the Nationalist Party was meeting for its annual conference in the Orange Free State. Just before Strydom arrived, 100 husky members of the *Nasionale Jeugbond*, the Nationalists' youth group, shouldered the women aside, and formed a solid, muscular phalanx inside the Black Sashers' double line. After Strydom had walked through, the *Jeugbond* huskies turned brusquely, ripped the black sashes off several women, tore up their placards reading "Respect our Constitution." Some shook their fists in the women's faces. "I'll hit you across the face as you've never been hit before," one threatened. Inside the hall, Justice Minister Swart fumed: "This ridiculous action by these people will only make us more determined to put Cape Colored [people of mixed white and Negro blood] on a separate roll . . . The Black Sash group makes us more determined than ever to see to it that these [anti-Boer] people will never again come to power."

Unintimidated, League headquarters in



Johannesburg Star

PRIME MINISTER STRYDOM & BODYGUARD CONFRONT BLACK SASHERS IN JOHANNESBURG
Haunting shadows on the all-white way.

Johannesburg dispatched ten cars and two airplanes full of Black Sashers to reinforce their embattled sisters in Bloemfontein. "From now on, I will carry a good long hatpin with me, and I am not beyond jabbing somebody with it," said one outraged lady.

JAPAN

Bitter Fruit

In November 1948, the eleven-nation International Military Tribunal convicted and sentenced 25 top Japanese officials for conspiring to wage aggressive war and other crimes against humanity. Seven of these Class A war criminals were executed, five died in prison, six were paroled.

Three weeks ago, on his visit to the U.S., one of the paroled six called on General Douglas MacArthur at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Towers. Said the general to Japan's Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigenobu: "I think that Japan's so-called war criminals should be released." Shigenobu thought so too and said so to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

One morning last week, by unanimous consent among the allied nations concerned, three of the last seven Class A prisoners walked out from behind the concrete walls of Tokyo's Sugamo Prison. Free after ten years, two days, ten hours (counting pre-sentence jail time) were: **¶** Okinori Kaya, 66, Finance Minister from 1937 to 1938 and 1941 to 1944. **¶** Teiichi Suzuki, 66, Tojo's wartime planning board president and onetime lieutenant general.

¶ Kingoro Hashimoto, 65, the colonel who, on his own initiative, ordered the 1937 shelling of three British gunboats in the Yangtze River and sank the U.S. gunboat *Panay*. Near war's end, Hashimoto exhorted his countrymen to make suicidal attacks. Incarceration did not ease the colonel's bitterness. Grim-faced as ever, he

rasped: "I am angry from the bottom of my heart at the injustice and irrationality of the war-crimes trials. I feel strongly my responsibility for our defeat. I apologize deeply to the Japanese people."

Still in Sugamo Prison: four Class A war criminals, 530 Class B and C war criminals (murderers, torturers, etc.), many of whom may get no parole.

GREAT BRITAIN

Getting Ready to Go

At 72, Clement Richard Attlee is getting ready to retire as leader of the British Labor Party. "I have had a long innings," the pipe-smoking ex-Premier told a London columnist last week. "I shall be glad when I can hand over to a younger man." Attlee had a slight stroke recently, and he is troubled by a persistent eczema. Intimates say that he looks fit enough, but is growing testy and has occasional periods of forgetfulness. As its next leader, the divided Labor Party, which went down to crushing defeat in this year's general election, has just about decided on Cockney Herbert Morrison, Attlee's long-time lieutenant and a seasoned party organizer. But Herb Morrison, at 67, is destined to be a stopgap party chief.

What Labor needs in the long run, said Attlee, is a leader "brought up in the present age and not, as I was, in the Victorian age." It was a polite way of suggesting that Morrison would be expected to make way for a younger man before the next election, probably in 1960. Two such candidates are radical "Nye" Bevan, 57, the tough and noisy non-Victorian from the Welsh coal pits, and moderate Economist Hugh Gaitskell, 49, the scholarly-looking favorite of the big trade unions. Gaitskell is by far the stronger candidate. A skillful debater whose economic ideas are so similar to those of Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer "Rab"



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Carl Mydans—LIFE

LABOR'S MORRISON, ATTLEE & GAITSKELL

Time for a non-Victorian.

Butler that Britons have coined a single phrase for them (Butskellism), he trounced Bevan at last year's election for party treasurer and is a cinch to do the same again at the next Labor conference in October. But Gaitskell is no hail-fellow-well-met among the horny-handed men of Britain's labor unions. "If Labor is to retain its old spirit," explained one of its kingmakers, "it must have a good earthy leader—not a polished ex-Oxford don."

Some anti-Gaitskell Laborites think that just such a man is Alfred Robens, 44, a burly, longtime trade unionist with a flat North-Country accent and a broad-humored Lancashire wife. A veteran parliamentarian and nimble committee-man, "Alf" served as Minister of Labor in the last Socialist government, and was designated "Foreign Secretary" in the "shadow Cabinet" that would theoretically take over from the Tories if Labor wins the next election. There is talk of grooming Robens for bigger things.

No Devaluation Now

Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler, the doctor who must prescribe for Britain's slight touch of inflation, was in Istanbul last week to reassure the men of international finance, gathered for the tenth annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund. Recently, European bankers have shown an embarrassing lack of confidence in the value of the pound—partly brought on by Britain's faltering financial situation, partly because of rumors that Britain might devalue it. Butler was firm. "We do not contemplate any early move on any—and I repeat any—aspects of the exchange front," he told the Fund's governors. In other words, Britain was not going to devalue the pound (current exchange rate: \$2.80). Having not dared risk convertibility when the pound was strong, London had no intention at all of attempting it when the pound was wobbly.

As for Britain's feverish condition, Butler promised a cure without either "physical controls" (i.e., rationing) or restricting

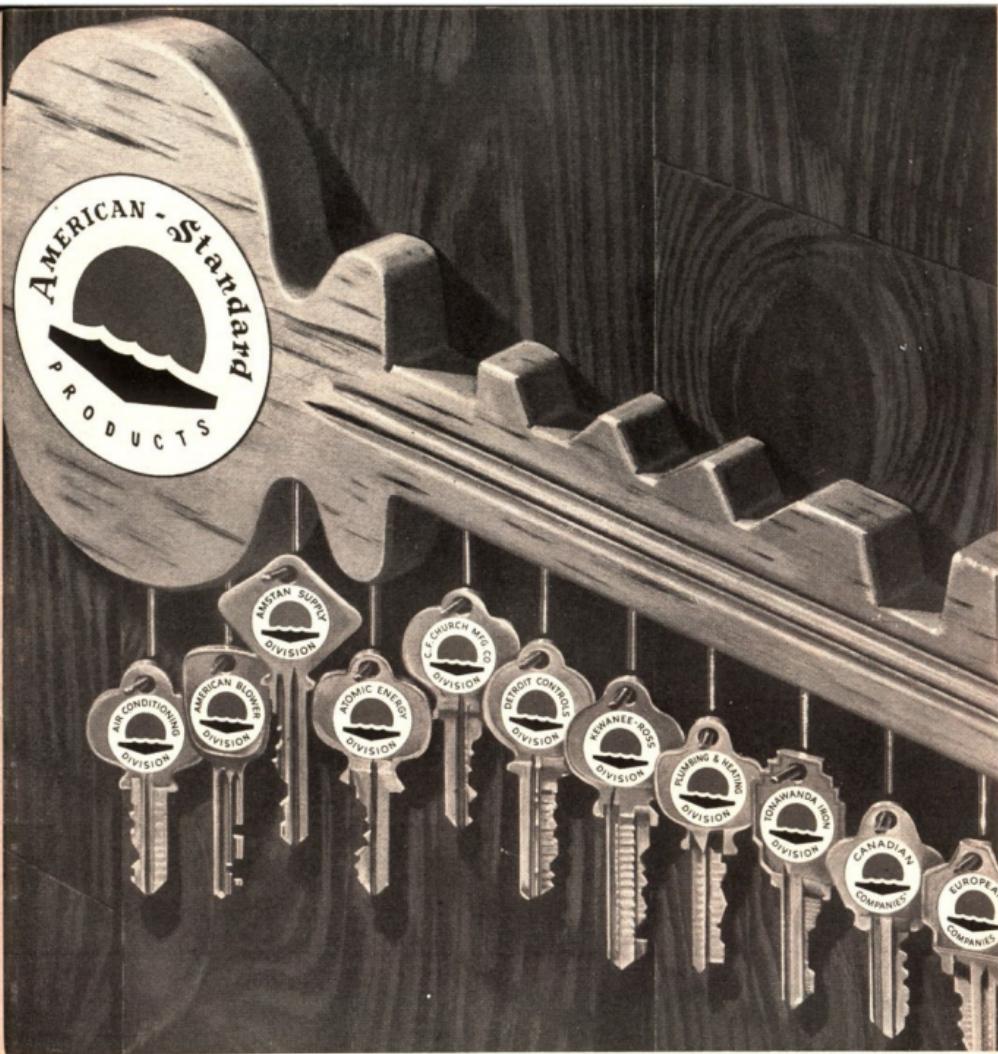
imports. It would help, he implied, if the U.S. would get cracking on its professed desire for liberalized trade. "In recent weeks, there have been a number of signs of backpedaling," he remarked carefully, a pointed reference to President Eisenhower's recent decision to allow a 50% rise in tariffs on imported bicycles. "Now should be the time surely to abandon the metaphor and speed of the velocipede and hope for a more up-to-date propulsion toward wider trade opportunities."

CAMBODIA

The People's Prince

In the Cambodian village of Svay Rolum last week, a sarong-draped man stepped from his dugout canoe to the Tonle Bassac River's bank, strode purposefully into a cabin's hushed interior and stood solemnly before Svay Rolum's *mekhun*, the village chief. The citizen's purpose: to vote in Cambodia's first election since the end of French colonial rule. With a sheaf of ballots, each stamped with its party's symbol, the voter squeezed into a booth. There he folded one ballot into a tight pellet. Emerging, he tossed the unneeded cards into a wastebasket, dropped the pellet through the ballot box's slot, bowed to the *mekhun*, returned to his canoe and glided away on the pea-soupy Tonle Bassac.

Clean Sweep. More than half a million others, 60% of the electorate, also voted. Their ballots gave a clean sweep to the firmly anti-Communist Sangkum (Socialist People's Community) Party, organized only six months ago by popular, chubby 32-year-old ex-King Norodom Sihanouk. The neutralist Democratic Party, which controlled the last National Assembly before its dissolution in 1952, polled a mere 18% of the votes. The Communists got almost none except in their stronghold of Kampot, shared with other minor parties only some 12%. Sangkum candidates won all 91 seats in the new Assembly, a victory of almost embarrassing proportions for Prince Sihanouk. Apologizing for suc-



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pany Agent came over in the morning. He was right on the job! He brought the Inventory Booklet I had made out last year and then returned to him for safekeeping. With that booklet to guide us, it was easy to determine what we had lost.

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cess, he declared: "If I wanted to fake the elections, I would never have the effrontery to scrounge all the seats."

The explanation was chiefly that in a brief time Sihanouk had built the Sangkum into a well-oiled political machine, with party committees in every village. Already revered when king, he seized the common touch by barnstorming in a red convertible and scattered his message by sound truck and radio (TIME, Sept. 12).

Democrats charged that the pre-election arrest of some of their members amounted to intimidation. On election day itself, observers of the Geneva Truce Commission, consisting of Canada plus suspicious representatives from neutralist India and Communist Poland, made spot checks, found no irregularity. The only violence stained not the Sangkum, but the Democratic Party with blood—a Sangkum Party chauffeur was murdered.

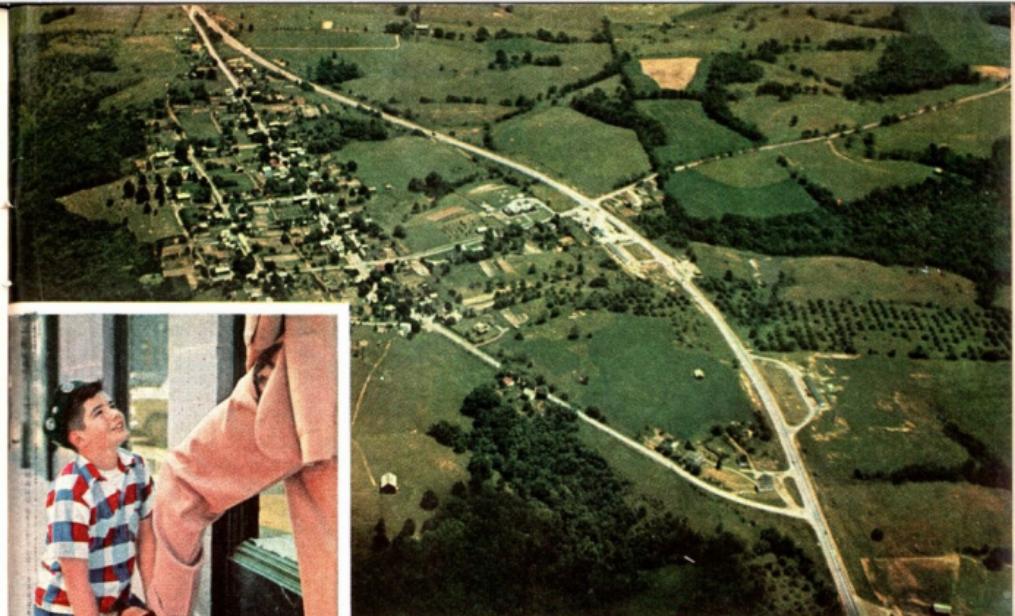
Like the Greeks. Police forthwith arrested five Democrats, including the party's secretary-general. "We will release them when they promise not to make themselves a nuisance," said Sihanouk. At the chauffeur's cremation, Sihanouk himself ignited the sandalwood stake and bowed low while monks in saffron-hued robes prayed and flames licked the pink coffin. Then the young man who no longer required made it quite clear that he nevertheless plans to rule.

He will not accept public office, said ex-King Norodom Sihanouk, but he will direct governmental affairs through a party steering committee. To get his people's ideas, he added, he will soon convene a sort of town meeting of the nation in the Phnompenh soccer stadium, "as in the days of the ancient Greeks."

FRANCE Strikebound

The biggest strike wave since 1948 rolled over France last week. Forming first in the West, where rioting Saint-Nazaire ship-builders broke through for a big pay increase, the movement swept 150,000 provincial workers into "revolting" strikes of staccato stoppages, protest marches and slowdowns. Foundrymen walked out in Chaunay, metalworkers struck in Montluçon, and at Nantes, 15,000 locked-out strikers surged every morning against shipyard gates demanding the same terms granted in Saint-Nazaire. At least a score of French industrial cities in the South and Southeast were hit.

By week's end the breaker had washed over Paris, swamping the capital's transport system. The city's green and white buses stopped running. Most subway lines were knocked out. On the trains that did run, customers rode free because all ticket-takers were on strike. Though authorities offered 5% wage increases and non-Communist trade union leaders accepted, the Communist-line faction of the divided labor movement prevailed. Buses stayed in their barns. With neither métro nor bus service operating, Parisians took to their automobiles and caused the biggest traffic jam in the city's history.



"Boy, that new highway sure helped us businessmen!"

Here's what happened in one Ohio town as part of that state's expanding highway program. Know how your own state is handling its traffic problem?

Ted's only ten but he's got a good head for business. So when he heard the talk about taking the state highway off Main Street and running it around his Ohio hometown, he paid attention. The barber argued a bypass would hurt business. Mr. Keyser at the hardware store was worried. Ted wondered if it was such a good idea at that.

Then the bypass was finished, and what happened? Fast-moving through-traffic let the town alone and local trade found a place to park once more. Main Street relaxed: it became possible again to get a leisurely haircut, pick up those wood screws and window

screen . . . and stop for a shine. And business picked up. In a town like Ted's, for example, merchants say business went up some 12% to 20% after their bypass was finished.

Bypassing villages is only one phase of Ohio's highway program, of course. 4000 miles of road have been built or improved in the past five years. A new 326-million-dollar turnpike now links the Pennsylvania and Indiana lines. 150 to 200 million dollars will be spent each year for the next five years. Even that will not solve all the problems, but the traffic picture in Ohio gets brighter all the time.

Your own state has a sensible road program, too. Write your Highway Commissioner or Governor and find out what it is. Study it. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings about it be known.

After all, it affects you as much as it does Ted. Maybe more.

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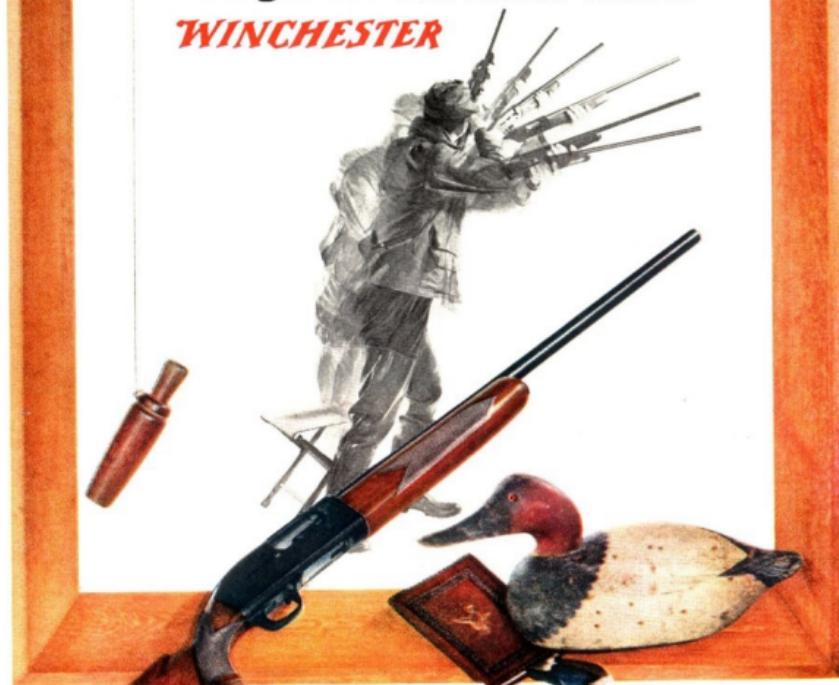
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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

The Slipping Strongman

Smoldering grievances burst into flame again in Argentina last week as military units rebelled in the nation's hottest blaze of violence since President Juan Perón seized power in 1945. As a tough dictator, a maker and user of violence, Juan Perón gave many Argentines cause for hatred and anger. Among the revolt's leaders were Roman Catholics outraged by Perón's attacks on the church, ardent nationalists opposed to his oil-exploitation contract with a Yanqui company, sincere patriots sick of the corrosion of liberty, dissident officers who lost their commands in his purges.

As they did in the brief, bloody rebellion of June 16, the top army generals again rushed to Perón's rescue (or rather to the rescue of the offices, privileges and rackets they stood to lose if the rebels won). Perón's old crony and army minister, balding General Franklin Lucero, again took command of all loyalist military and police units—the "forces of repression" as the government baldly la-



Associated Press

PERÓN (RIGHT) & LOYALIST GENERAL LUCERO
By land, sea and air.

beled them. But it was not as underlings carrying out Perón's orders that Lucero & Co. acted. Whether he was shoved or merely nudged, Perón hurried offstage and remained in seclusion. The government radio rarely mentioned his name.

After Lucero and other inner-circle generals propped Perón on his feet last June, they let him take control again, hoping that they could go back to privileged prosperity as usual. But during the post-revolt interlude of "pacification," Perón utterly failed to pacify his opponents: he offered too little freedom, too late. Three weeks ago, dropping the mask of pacification, he summoned his hardcore of labor followers to the Plaza de Mayo, ferociously called for his enemies' annihilation; that may have triggered a revolt that showed signs of long planning.

At week's end the military issue was still in doubt, but there was no doubt whatever that Perón's power and prestige had suffered a shattering blow. If the government commanders could beat down the rebellion, they might let Perón come back on stage, but scarcely as the strongman of old. Even if he manages to hang on to the title of President for a while, Sept. 16 is likely to go down in history as the day Juan Perón's luck ran out as dictator of Argentina.

Revolt in the Dark

Civil war broke out while most Argentines were asleep in their beds. In the early morning darkness, generals considered loyal to President Juan Perón were summoned posthaste to the Army Ministry in Buenos Aires for an urgent conference. Police squads swooped down on a band of armed civilians trying to break into a naval armory at the Buenos Aires

waterfront. At half a dozen places outside the nation's capital, a rebellion by army, navy, marine and air-force units was already under way.

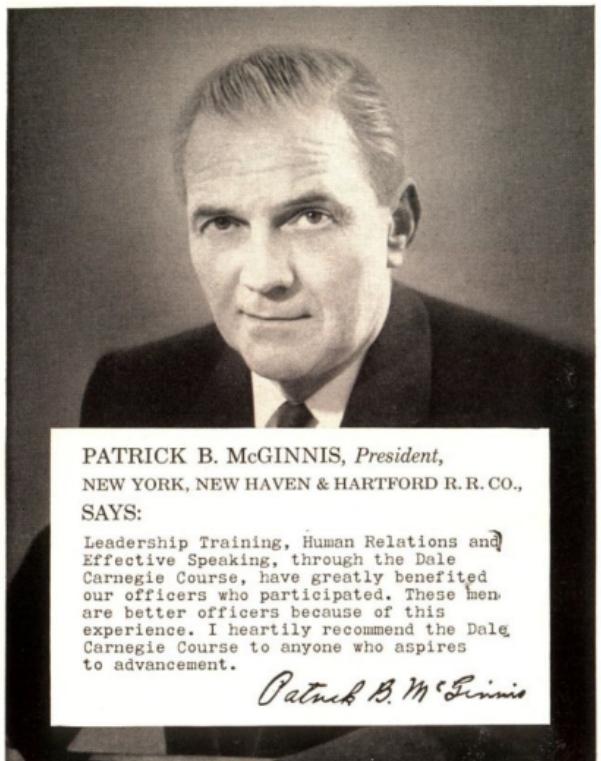
It was three months to the day after the navy-led uprising of June 16 that shook Perón but failed to knock him out. In that revolt, doomed from the start because no major army units joined in, the rebels struck directly at the seat of power: the pink Government House on Buenos Aires' Plaza de Mayo. In last week's much more formidable revolt, the rebel plan was to take over cities and military bases outside Buenos Aires before attempting to attack the capital.

Battle on the Pampas. Deep in the heart of the pampas, insurgent army units led by Brigadier General Dalmiro Félix Videla Balaguer—until recently a well-regarded Peronista—swept into the rail center of Córdoba, Argentina's third biggest city (pop. 350,000). Two Gloster Meteor jet fighters flown by air-force pilots rained down leaflets declaring that the city "has been conquered again for God and the fatherland." Rebel sailors took over the naval bases at Rio Santiago and Puerto Belgrano (see map). Army garrisons seized control of the inland barracks towns of Arroyo Seco and Curuzú Cuatiá.

At 8:21 a.m., the first government communiqué boasted that "the subversive movement is under control" and rebel units "are being dominated." Such claims were absurdly premature. In Córdoba the besieged police headquarters fell to rebel attackers after a half-hour artillery bombardment. From the Puerto Belgrano naval base, 400 miles southwest of Buenos Aires, naval units marched into the neighboring grain port of Bahía



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Blanca. Said a rebel radio announcement from Puerto Belgrano: "This is not a revolt of two or four hours. We will carry on as long as is necessary. We ask the Argentine people to join us in our struggle for truth, morality and liberty."

State of Siege. Under the command of General Franklin Lucero, Perón's trusted Army Minister, the government fought back. Lucero & Co. put the entire country under a state of siege, clamped an 8 p.m. curfew on the capital. Loyalist forces besieged the Rio Santiago naval base. Pounded by planes and outnumbered at least two to one on the ground, the defending navymen surrendered late that night. The next morning the government announced that its troops had wrested Arroyo Seco and Curuzú-Cuatiá from the rebels.

But the rebels still controlled Córdoba in the interior and Puerto Belgrano-Bahía Blanca on the coast. The immediate danger to the government was not that the rebels might march on the capital, but that, if they held on, wavering unit commanders might switch over to the rebel side. To each of the revolt's two strongholds, Lucero dispatched some 15,000 troops. In Córdoba, Rebel General Videla Balaguer sent out planes to strafe the attackers, recruited civilians to help defend the city. There were plenty of volunteers. Staunchly Roman Catholic Córdoba, which a visitor once described as "a city of monks and churches," has been a hotbed of opposition to Juan Perón ever since he began feuding with the church last year. Hundreds of civilians with white handkerchiefs knotted around their arms for combat identification fought on the rebel side in a clash at the resort town of La Calera, ten miles outside Córdoba.

Duel of the Air Waves. While the battle for Córdoba was raging, the government and the rebels took to the air for a propaganda duel of wildly contradictory claims. The Buenos Aires radio triumphantly announced toward nightfall that loyalist troops had "liberated" Córdoba and "sent the enemy retreating in disorder." But a later broadcast from Córdoba insisted that the city was still under rebel control. An announcer who said he was speaking from Córdoba read a proclamation by Rebel Leader Eduardo Leonardi, a general fired by Perón in 1952 for allegedly plotting against him. "In my capacity as chief of the liberation movement," said Leonardi's message, "I ask the nation to collaborate. [Argentina] cannot submit itself meekly to the whims of a dictator."

Buenos Aires broadcasts on the second day of the revolt insisted that "absolute tranquillity reigns throughout the country" except at Córdoba and Puerto Belgrano-Bahía Blanca. But the rebels reported that Second Army units stationed in western Argentina had joined the revolt and taken over the provincial capitals of San Luis and Mendoza. A rebel general, broadcasting from San Luis, declared that the city was in the hands of the insurgents, and that "all troops of the Second Army have rebelled against the



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Above is the Boeing Jet Stratoliner 707 as it will look when it takes to the air. Its prototype—America's first jet transport—has been flying for more than a year. It has completed more than 200 hours of flight test—has repeatedly flown well above 40,000 feet and at speeds above 600 miles per hour.

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It was this leadership which gave commercial aviation the twin-engine 247, the 314 flying boat, the original pressurized transport Stratoliner 307, and the Stratocruiser; and gave the military the B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-29, the six-jet B-47 and the eight-jet B-52.

BOEING

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unworthy government that pretends to rule Argentina."

Blackout in the Capital. Because Argentina's capital is a seaport, lying on the broad, deep estuary called the Río de la Plata, a lot depended on what the navy did. The River Plate fleet, apparently on the rebel side from the start, gathered near the Uruguayan shore of the estuary. Admiral Isaac Rojas, commander of the rebel fleet, proclaimed a blockade of the capital. "The entire navy is heading for Buenos Aires," he said, contradicting repeated government assertions that the high-seas fleet was peacefully anchored at a port in southern Argentina. The rebels threatened to bombard the capital unless Perón gave up the office of President. That night, roving wardens enforced a panicky blackout in downtown Buenos Aires, cutting wires and ripping out connections where they found lights on. At daybreak, observers in Uruguay counted 21 rebel warships in the Plate, including two elderly battleships with 12-in. guns and two modern 6-in.-gun cruisers (formerly the U.S. Navy's *Boise* and *Phoenix*).

Rebels rejected a loyalist plea to consider Buenos Aires an open city. The government showed its shakiness by cutting off telephone communications between Buenos Aires and the outside world and restricting press dispatches to official statements. In that shadowy dimout, a government bulletin announced that General Lucero had invited rebel leaders to the Army Ministry in Buenos Aires to negotiate a cease-fire.

BRAZIL

Miracle of Bernadete

A young, upcountry schoolteacher arrived in Rio de Janeiro last week, and within a matter of hours became the heroine of Brazil's worldly, pleasure-loving capital. She was Bernadete Gomez, 25, and she had come to devote the last few months of her life to a national campaign against cancer, the disease that is slowly killing her.

The urgency and dedication of her appeal took the city by storm. Newspapers named her the "Fiancée of Death" and called her story the "Second Song of Bernadete." President Café Filho made a personal visit to promise the government's "moral and material support." And Marta Rocha, runner-up in the 1954 Miss Universe contest and honored symbol of Brazilian beauty, went to see the dark-haired girl, wept, and next day broadcast an appeal for funds to build the "Hospital of Bernadete" for care of cancer victims.

Home to Teach. Bernadete never dreamed of becoming a national figure when she returned from Natal's high school eight years ago to teach in her native village of Currais Novos (pop. 2,643) in Rio Grande do Norte state. She was 17 then, young enough to take part in her pupils' games, pretty enough to attract the crowd of village swains who gathered daily in the sunny square. Her 30 charges accepted her as one of themselves and fondly called her "professorinha"—little teacher.

One afternoon in 1953, as she was playing volleyball in the schoolyard, Bernadete fell, giving her right elbow a nasty crack on the pavement. X rays showed a simple fracture, but the pain grew worse until last year, when a surgeon operated twice to remove tumors. When she failed to recover after the second operation, she was moved to the sparsely equipped, twelve-bed cancer hospital in the coastal city of Recife, where Dr. Valdemir Lopez, the hospital's director, found that a form of cancer (osteosarcoma) had spread from her arm to her right lung. He told the little teacher the truth: probably no more than a few months to live. "Of course," he added gently, "a miracle is always possible."

To Rio. Bernadete was not content to wait for her miracle. Together with Dr. Lopez, she vowed to "do something for others." Existing plans for a modern, 150-bed cancer hospital were dug from a



Agencia Nacional

"FIANCÉE OF DEATH" & PRESIDENT

"I have so little time."

pigeonhole and, after a persuasive visit from Bernadete, city authorities voted a grant of land for the building. Architects promised their work free, but when construction costs were estimated at \$370,000, Bernadete decided that Recife's financial resources were too limited. She decided to go to Rio. "We must be quick," she said. "I have so little time."

In Rio, the hospital fund mounted quickly to \$103,600 by week's end and gave every promise of growing, as Rio's Jockey Club promised to donate all profits from a Sunday's racing, and Marta Rocha announced plans for a star-studded charity show. Meanwhile, as Bernadete's plight drew national attention, Brazilian Specialist Albert Coutinho offered to perform a drastic, last-chance operation involving removal of the right lung. Bernadete decided against it. "My death," she said, "will be more useful than my life. People will not forget."

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REVUE "LA JOIE DE VIVRE"
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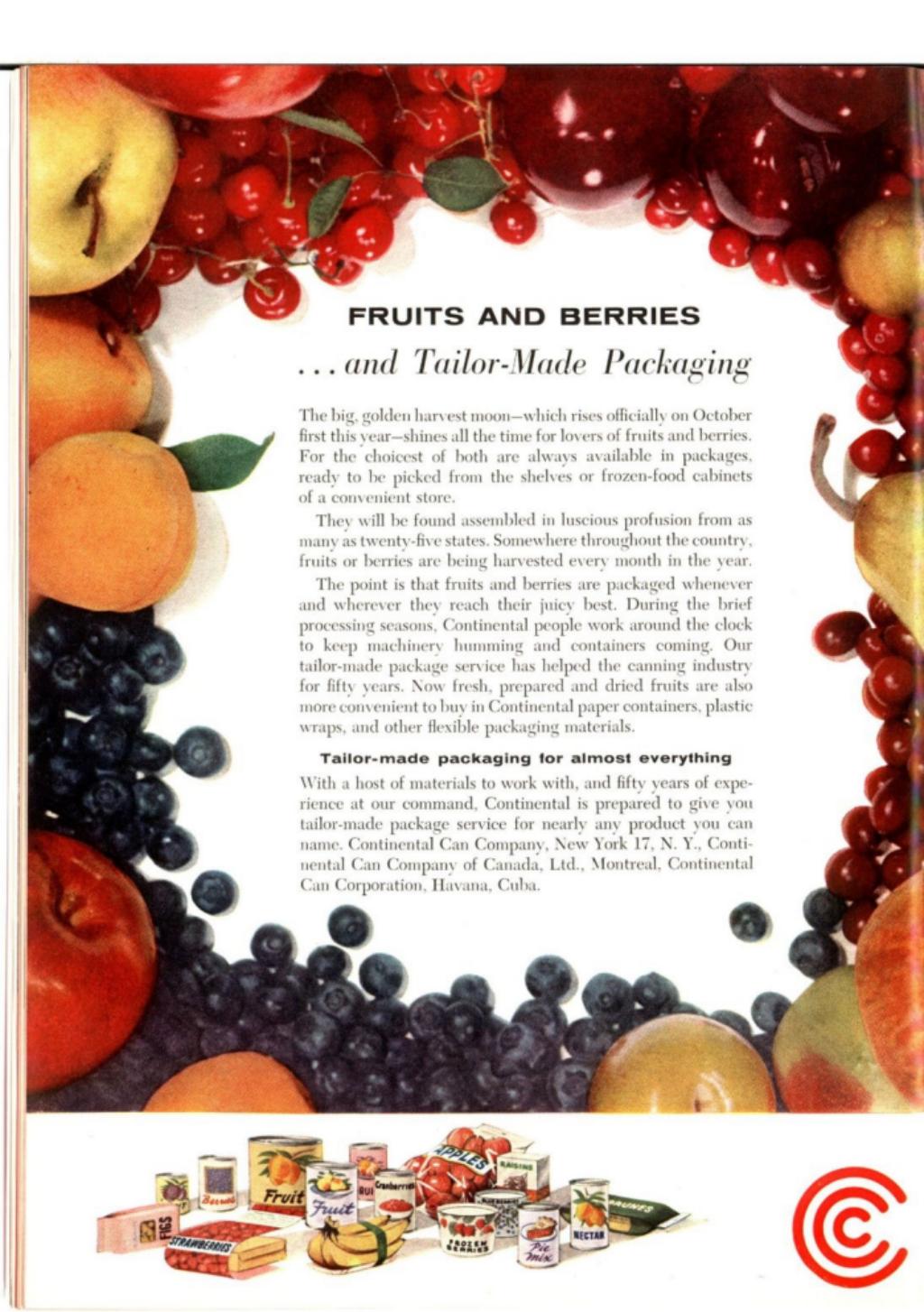
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The big, golden harvest moon—which rises officially on October first this year—shines all the time for lovers of fruits and berries. For the choicest of both are always available in packages, ready to be picked from the shelves or frozen-food cabinets of a convenient store.

They will be found assembled in luscious profusion from as many as twenty-five states. Somewhere throughout the country, fruits or berries are being harvested every month in the year.

The point is that fruits and berries are packaged whenever and wherever they reach their juicy best. During the brief processing seasons, Continental people work around the clock to keep machinery humming and containers coming. Our tailor-made package service has helped the canning industry for fifty years. Now fresh, prepared and dried fruits are also more convenient to buy in Continental paper containers, plastic wraps, and other flexible packaging materials.

Tailor-made packaging for almost everything

With a host of materials to work with, and fifty years of experience at our command, Continental is prepared to give you tailor-made package service for nearly any product you can name. Continental Can Company, New York 17, N. Y., Continental Can Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Continental Can Corporation, Havana, Cuba.



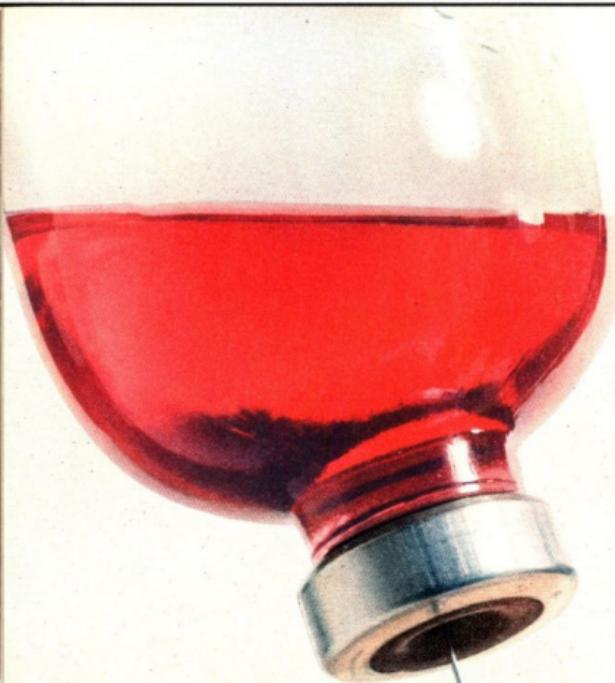


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Money is no object . . . when scientists and drug manufacturers are selecting a container for lifesaving serums. Yet invariably they choose glass.

Why glass? Most important, it doesn't rust or corrode. A glass container keeps its contents safe and sterile despite extremes of temperature and time.

Cost? Well, soft drink makers, selling taste and sparkle for a nickel or two, wrap their products in glass, too.

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**Diamond
Chemicals**

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Having been grounded six months last year for buzzing the Teterboro, N.J. Airport control tower, TV's humbly arrogant **Arthur Godfrey** buzzed himself into another jam with the Civil Aeronautics Administration. The charge: flying so close to an airliner over Chicago's Midway Airport that he forced the plane to reduce its speed. "Oh, for Christ's sake," cried Godfrey. "We certainly weren't endangering him. I merely dipped my wing to say hello. It's like tipping your hat. How close could I have been, if the pilot had to call the tower to ask the identification of my plane? All I do is say hello to a guy, and he turns you in. It makes me sick."

British Novelist **Alec Waugh**, after writing for years in the shadow of his younger brother **Evelyn**, at last tasted fame and fortune. His new novel, *Island in the Sun*, to be published in January, has made an across-the-board clean sweep of U.S. literary jackpots: 1) the *Ladies' Home Journal* is serializing it; 2) the Literary Guild has chosen it; 3) the *Reader's Digest* Book Club will digest it; and 20th Century-Fox will film it.

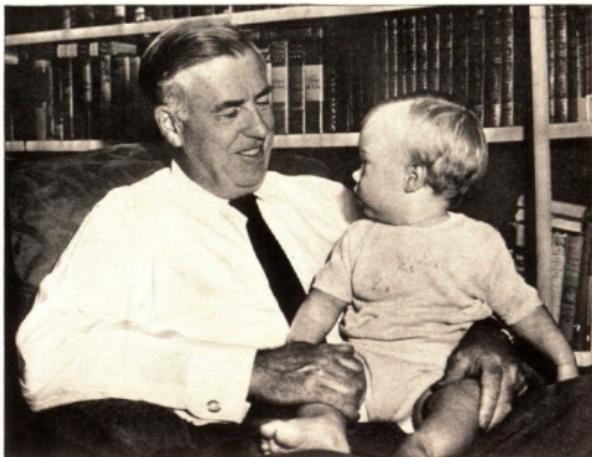
Onetime Chorus Girl **Evelyn Nesbit** (Thaw), pawn in the famed *Thaw-White* murder 49 years ago, now the subject of a forthcoming movie biography, was chaperoned into Manhattan by movie flacks, told newsmen: "Nobody can live in the past or the future without being something of a nut. I live for the Everlasting Now."

One of Europe's shapeliest stars, Italian Cinematheque **Silvana Pampanini** (37-36), flew from Rome to the U.S. for a



International

SILVANA PAMPANINI
A graceful non sequitur.



HENRY D. WALLACE & GRANDFATHER
A practical first step.

Associated Press

week of personal appearances in Denver's "Festival of Italy." "It isn't true," La Pampanini loudly cried, "that I think American men are lousy lovers. All the Americans I've met," she murmured, in a graceful non sequitur, "have been very fine and admirable."

Cheerily waving his hat to an admiring crowd at London airport, **Sir Winston Churchill** took off with Lady Churchill two days after their 47th wedding anniversary for a vacation on the French Riviera, less than three hours later was motoring from Nice to the Cap-d'Ail villa of **Lord Beaverbrook**, where he will put up for a while.

In Hartford, Connecticut's Democratic Governor **Abraham A. Ribicoff** came to a high boil when he read in a pamphlet put out by the state government workers' union: "The C.I.O. won't give up on major issues, and will connive, persist and annoy or do anything to get what you [the workers] have a right to have." Rumbled Ribicoff: "Anyone caught conniving or annoying . . . in any department of the state government while I am governor will be fired on the spot."

Looking rather plump, former Vice President **Henry A. Wallace** stopped off in Des Moines to visit his son, Poultry Farmer **Henry B. Wallace**, and have a look at his grandson, **Henry D. Wallace**, nine months old. Wallace smiled proudly at little Henry, who regarded him gravely as news photographers' flash bulbs popped. Wallace told a Des Moines Rotary Club luncheon that President **Eisenhower**'s plan for mutual inspection of bomb installations in the U.S. and Russia is a practical first step toward making the world safe from one of its most explosive dangers,"

later added that he was through with politics. Hereafter he will just cultivate his garden (hybrid strawberries and gladioli).

In Johore Bahru, Malaya, Major General Sir Ibrahim ibni Almarhum Sultan Abu Bakar, better known as the **Sultan of Johore**, began a week-long, million-dollar party to celebrate his 82nd birthday and 60 years of rule on the throne of the Malay state. During the festivities, his Sultanah, a Rumanian beauty named Marcella Mendl, who is the Sultan's fourth wife, will be crowned. Pounding the floor with his silver saber for emphasis, the Sultan got things going with a surprise statement attacking his own independence-minded government and supporting British imperialism: "Where are your warships, your planes and your armies to withstand and repel aggression from without? If the British were to go today, the Communists would be in tomorrow . . . It would be 99 times worse than the Japanese occupation."

Vice President **Richard Nixon** and California's Governor **Goodwin Knight**, whose love for Republicans in general does not extend to each other in particular, had another little tussle for precedence. Asked to introduce Nixon at a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner in San Francisco next month, Goodie Knight found he had a "previous engagement." But he sent Nixon a telegram offering to introduce the Vice President at another Republican rally in Los Angeles where the governor would be the undisputed star.

On his way to Mexico to begin shooting a film version of James M. Cain's *Serenade* (about the meteoric career in opera of a farm boy who hits the skids in Mexico and is befriended by a Mexican beauty),

by jove!

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MEN OF THE YEAR

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CONTINUITY
SINCE 1779



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badboy Tenor **Mario Lanza** was on his good behavior as he met the press in San Antonio. He explained that he was enthusiastic about making his first picture in three years: "I don't want to be inactive again. Inactivity breeds inactivity."

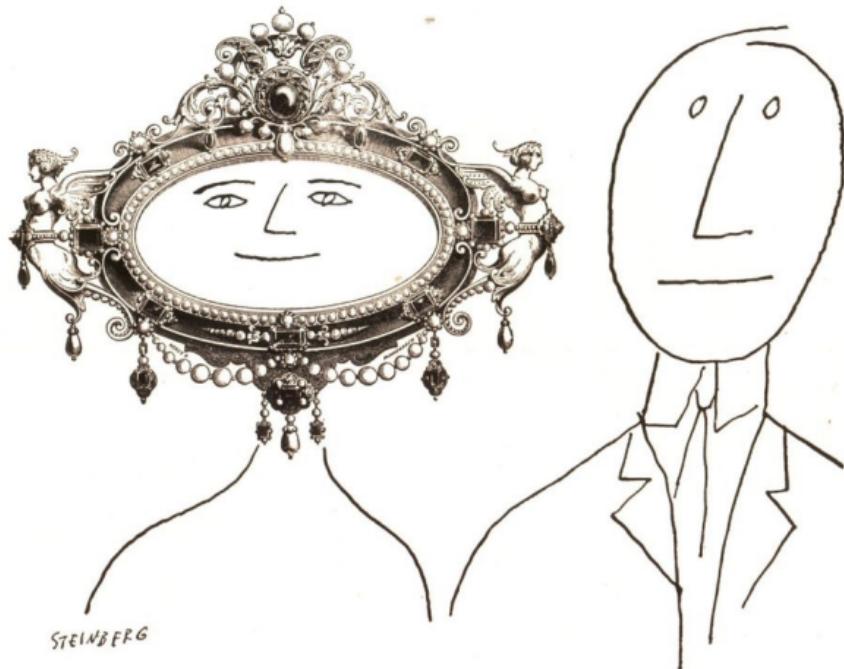
Looking pale and, as the tabloids put it, "unglamorous," **Cinemactress Rita Hayworth** arrived in Manhattan with her two daughters, their nurse, 17 pieces of luggage and jet black (instead of her customary flaming red) hair. Having walked out on Husband No. 4, **Dick Haymes**, in Hollywood, Rita was setting out for Europe to give her daughters a chance to visit with their fathers. There was no problem about Husband No. 2 **Orson Welles's** seeing **Rebecca**, 10. But Rita wanted to be sure that she got back **Yasmin**, 5, after the child's six-week visit with Husband No. 3, **Prince Aly Khan**, insisted that a \$100,000



RITA HAYWORTH
Parental bonds: \$100,000.

bond be posted to guarantee **Yasmin's** return. Aly, harboring no ill feelings, was so happy to be seeing **Yasmin** that he offered to put Rita up at either his Paris mansion or his Riviera villa.

In Manhattan, **James Cash Penney**, chairman of the board of the J. C. Penney Co., celebrated his 80th birthday and explained the principle on which he built an organization that now has 1,655 chain department stores (the country's largest) with 1954 sales of \$1,100,000,000. The principle: make all the workers partners. Penney quit using the word "employee," called each of his 90,000 workers an "associate," gave each associate a share in the profits in addition to a salary. After the 1929 stock market crash, Penney lost his fortune, wound up beaten and despondent at 56 in a sanitarium, but proved his method was sound by borrowing money and staging a comeback in which he recouped his fortune.



AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and she had a husband. As if that wasn't enough to bear, he insisted on doing things. He had a saw in the basement and a lot of queer looking gismos . . . almost as queer as the things that he made. Once he came up with a wheel-barrow, but the wheel turned out to be square. And then he made a dog house, when they didn't have a dog.

She thought maybe she could do things, too. Of course, as long as she didn't try, she'd never have to admit that she

couldn't. It was Simplicity Printed Patterns that gave her the courage to start. They were so easy to follow!

She made a pirate's costume for Timmy—and a dream of a dress for Jane. She stitched up a shirt for Papa—and a two piece suit of her own. And at the end of the month, her husband bought more nails and some lumber—with the 39 dollars she'd saved.

But things went on from there. While she sewed, her husband sawed, and the house was as gay as could be.

Her family had never looked nicer—her money had never gone farther—and she had never felt prouder. Because, you see...she did it all by herself, with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

What Will They Look Like?

Soon the 1956 cars will appear in show rooms across the land.
Each will have its special features. All will have sleek,
exciting styling—because of versatile steel.

It won't be long now!

The exciting new models of 1956 cars are coming. Haul-away trucks will slip them into town under the secrecy of canvas. Pretty soon you'll see them all!

What will the 1956 models look like?

That's a carefully guarded secret. In fact, most likely no one man has seen them all. But one thing you can count on . . . all will be beautifully styled. They will display the genius

of designers, the skill of manufacturers, and the tremendous ability of *one* metal to make the styling dreams of car men come true.

That metal is *steel!*

How steel does it

To sculpture these new style lines for cars it is necessary that steel meet the most exacting demands.

For example, fenders, hoods, roof and side panels for 1956 cars require wide sheets of the best quality steel,

in the greatest possible continuous lengths, coiled for easy handling and feeding through automatic presses.

It must be strong and ductile to work properly to the limits of the forming dies and uniform to assure long die life. It must be carefully processed and controlled in order to flow true to form under the pressure of deep drawing operations. And this steel must have a good, well prepared surface to minimize finishing time and provide a clean base for painting.

National's role

National Steel—through two of its major divisions, Detroit-located Great Lakes Steel and Weirton Steel—is a major supplier of the steels that will be used in 1956 cars. It is quality steel that makes it possible for our customers to speed production and cut material handling and scrap losses.

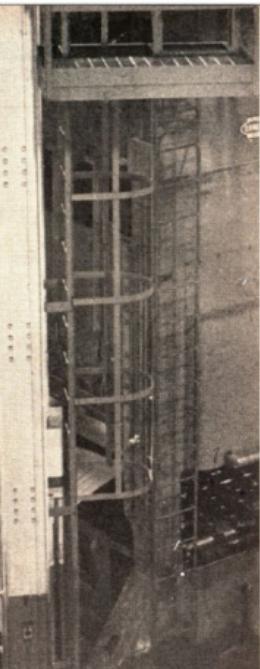
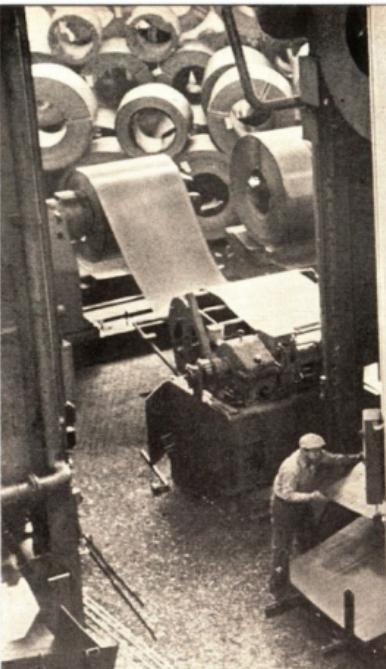
We are striving—through research and cooperation with customers—to make better and better steel for greater safety, strength and economy in cars today and tomorrow.

Whatever America's industries demand of steel, it is our aim to supply it in the quantity and of the quality wanted, when it is wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.



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WELDED INTO ONE COMPLETE
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Exciting style lines for 1956 cars begin with wide sheets of the best quality steel, in the greatest possible lengths for easy handling.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION
GRANT BUILDING PITTSBURGH, PA.



Steel must be strong and ductile to withstand the tremendous pressures of forming dies and uniform to assure long die life.



A good, well-prepared surface, minimizes finishing time on parts and provides a clean, sound base for painting.

SCIENCE

Handy A-Bombs

How big is an atomic bomb? It took a B-29 to carry the first one, dropped on Hiroshima, which may have weighed more than 10,000 lbs. The Army's announcement last week that it will abandon its monstrous, 11-in. atomic cannon tells how much the bombs have shrunk. The new atomic shells will fit an 8-in. gun. Since they will have to withstand the shock of firing, they will be much like ordinary 8-in. shells. They will have an internal cavity about 22 in. long and about 5½ in. in diameter in the center. This is apparently big enough for the works of a modern atomic bomb, although the steel walls of the shell may play some part in making the nuclear explosion efficient.

Eight-inch shells weigh about 240 lbs.; so the bomb itself will not weigh more



© A.C. Barrington Brown
ASTRONOMER HOYLE

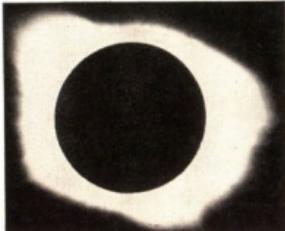
than that, and it may weigh much less since the casing may be lighter than the steel parts of the shell. A fighter-bomber could carry 16 such bombs, each powerful enough to knock the heart out of a good-sized city. A B-47 could carry 50 or more of them on a long flight, and distribute them over a large industrial complex.

Atomic shells for 8-in. guns are apparently an accomplished fact, although none has been tested in actual artillery. Next step will be an atomic shell to fit a 4.2-in. mortar. The Army's nuclear experts believe that this will be only a matter of time. When shells of this size are available, they can be fired from tanks. If made into bombs, they can be carried by the hundreds in jet bombers and scattered like confetti. One school of nuclear-weapons thought maintains that many small bombs will have more military effect than a few H-bombs that "over-bomb" a limited area.

The Bold Star Gazer

Curly-haired Astronomer Fred Hoyle of Cambridge University takes delight in setting off mathematical firecrackers under his more conservative colleagues. Hoyle glories in the mysteries that swarm in the inexhaustible sky, and he believes that they should be attacked boldly—from all possible angles. In his new book, *Frontiers of Astronomy* (Harper; \$5), he pelts most of the astronomical mysteries with showers of theories. Some of these theories, he says, "are well known and well tried, but sometimes they are less well known and sometimes they lie at the very frontiers of knowledge."

Many of the "frontier" theories offered by Hoyle will be tut-tutted by conservative astronomers, and some will eventually turn out to be wrong. But Hoyle,



International
SOLAR CORONA & ORION NEBULA
A growing sun and newborn stars.

though brash, is no amateur. He is leading spokesman for "the Cambridge cosmographers," a group of innovators who apply modern mathematics and physics to the problems of the universe.

Astronomy, Hoyle explains, has hardly digested the "third revolution" of physics (relativity, quantum theory, etc.), and now it is forced to cope with a "fourth revolution": the recent discovery of mesons and numerous other short-lived subatomic particles that are only dimly understood. Mysteries and contradictions are popping up everywhere, and new mathematical tools are being devised for attacking them. Hoyle believes that all the current confusion in astronomy calls for bold theorizing. So in his book he blazes away. Some of his frontier theories:

¶ The earth's climate is affected by interstellar dust and gas that sometimes shut off much of the sun's light. The Ice Ages were caused partly by such shadowing, partly by the slipping of the earth's crust, which shifted now-tropical sections of the earth's surface into the polar regions.

¶ Most stars were formed by a complicated process that leaves a good deal of material outside the star in the form of planets. This star-forming process is still going on in many places, notably the Orion nebula. A sequel to this theory: about 100,000 million stars in the Milky Way galaxy must have planets, and a con-

siderable fraction of them must be suitable for life. Where life is possible, Hoyle believes, it will appear. He thinks that it may originate in the cooler gases around a newborn planet.

¶ The sun's mysterious corona (seen during solar eclipses) is caused by dust and gas falling into the sun. This may mean that the sun is still growing slowly.

¶ "Supernovae" (exploding stars) have used up much of their material by a series of nuclear reactions. Part of the energy generated escapes in the form of neutrinos—small, uncharged particles that pass through matter as if it were not there. Eventually, the star becomes hollow (in a sense) and collapses. Because of



Lick Observatory

the density of its center (100 to 1,000 tons of its matter would fill a matchbox), the star's gravitation is extremely strong, and thus the collapse happens very fast. The star shrinks down to almost nothing as smitherines, giving off for a fortnight as much light as 200 million suns.

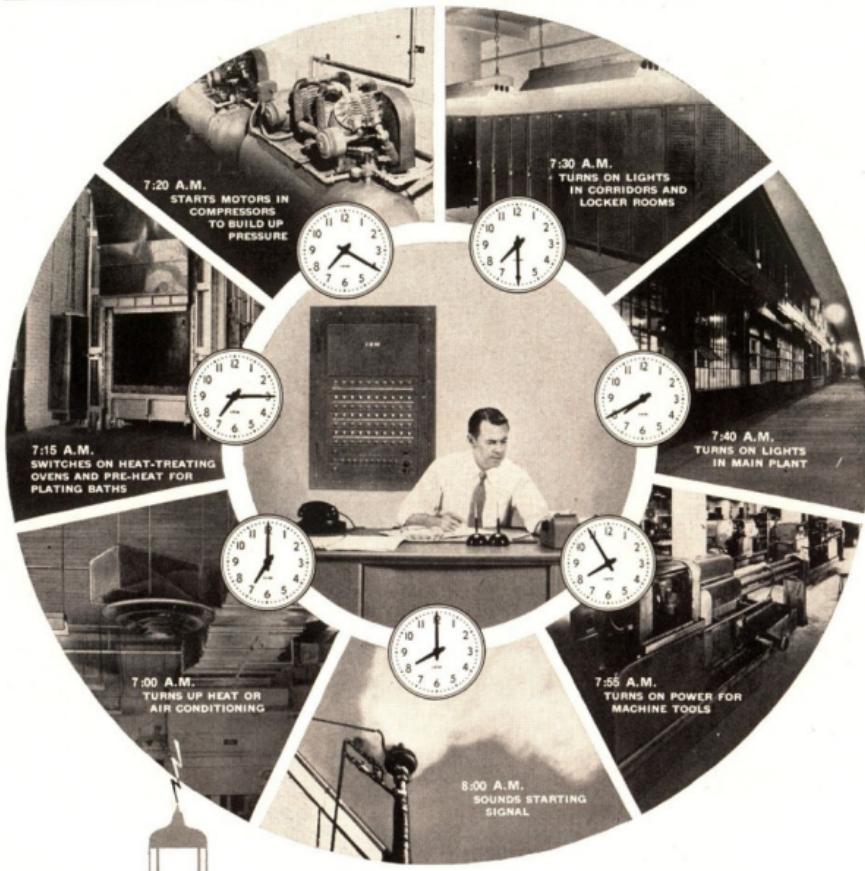
¶ Matter is being created continuously in the form of hydrogen. This is Hoyle's favorite and widest-sweeping theory. He admits that it cannot be proved conclusively at present because of man's incomplete knowledge of the infinitely small (mesons, neutrinos, etc.) and the infinitely large (galaxies). He believes that the mysteries must be connected somehow, and he hopes that a breakthrough on the meson front will tell astronomers why the galaxies appear to be flying apart through space, and whether the universe is still being created.

Dangerous Scientists

Scientific leaders in both the U.S. and Britain are worried by the public's low opinion of scientists. At last week's Minneapolis meeting of the American Chemical Society, Charles Allen Thomas, president of Monsanto Chemical Co., told his colleagues:

"Science is suffering from sterility—from an inability to beget sufficient heirs—because few people actually understand

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1871



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the year

when the world was
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what we do . . . Teen-agers in New England told a survey-taker a few years ago that they regarded the 'scientist as cold, calculating, and without social interest or moral standards—an occupation fit for "queer geniuses."

"[Students'] minds, and those of their parents, have been poisoned by the insidious cloud of anti-intellectualism which hangs over this country like a great shroud . . . Somehow, science has become identified in the minds of a great many people as a sort of super 'Svengali,' responsible for all our dilemmas."

In Britain's *Political Quarterly*, Dr. Jacob Bronowski of the British National Coal Board, tries to explain why scientists are viewed with suspicion by most non-scientists. "The scientist," says Bronowski, "is not only disliked, but also distrusted." Governments treat the scientist as "indispensable, but unreliable, a hang-



George Harris

MONSANTO'S THOMAS
Who put the genie in genius?

dog hangman who has the bad manners to be good at war work and the impertinence to find it distasteful. The public thinks that he has no conscience, and his security officer fears that he has two consciences . . . He is unhappy between his scientific creed and his social loyalty: between, that is, the long and triumphant tradition of open publication, and a society which still hopes to survive by the peasant adage, 'Least said, soonest mended.'"

The public "puts its fear of the scientist into robust terms—he is going to blow man off the earth, or (in alternate weeks) he is going to overpopulate it."

Steeped in the common-sense science of the Victorian Age, the public thinks of scientists as dangerous warlocks. "The popular picture of the scientist," says Bronowski, "lends itself to the basic totalitarian tricks which exploit the insecurity of the ignorant: an awe of the specialist, a hidden hatred of him, and a cleft between his way of thinking and theirs."

MODERN TOOL KEEPS ANCIENT BRITISH BELL RINGING TRUE

Here you see the great bell in St. Martin's Church, Dor-
king, England, that dates back to 1729. Periodically, it
must be lifted and turned or the clapper's pounding on
the same spot would wear away the metal and crack the
bell. Changing the bell's position, once a major task,
becomes easy with a powerful Yale® Hoist called the
Pul-Lift shown in use above. This versatile Pul-Lift can
multiply a man's strength as much as 150 times...helps

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powered industrial trucks and hoists. They bring their
giant's strength to storing and shipping areas...do more
work at less cost...elevate living standards for all. And,
on any world tour you'll often encounter Yale Locks
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security, modern styling plus their smoothness of operation.

CASABLANCA'S OTHER FACE. Visitors to this gleaming African city, famous for exotic bazaars and cafes, often find bustling scenes of modern industry. Example: the orange packing plant below. Here, Yale Fork Lift Trucks, capable of lifting loads of almost any size, weight or shape, supplant sheer brawn...let each worker do more with less physical effort.



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Stratford-on-Avon is a small English town that the world reveres as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. Visitors to the town's delightful hotel will find a familiar object, internationally known, on every door...a Yale Lock. From the simplest locks to complex master-keying systems Yale & Towne supplies quality hardware for the needs of the world.

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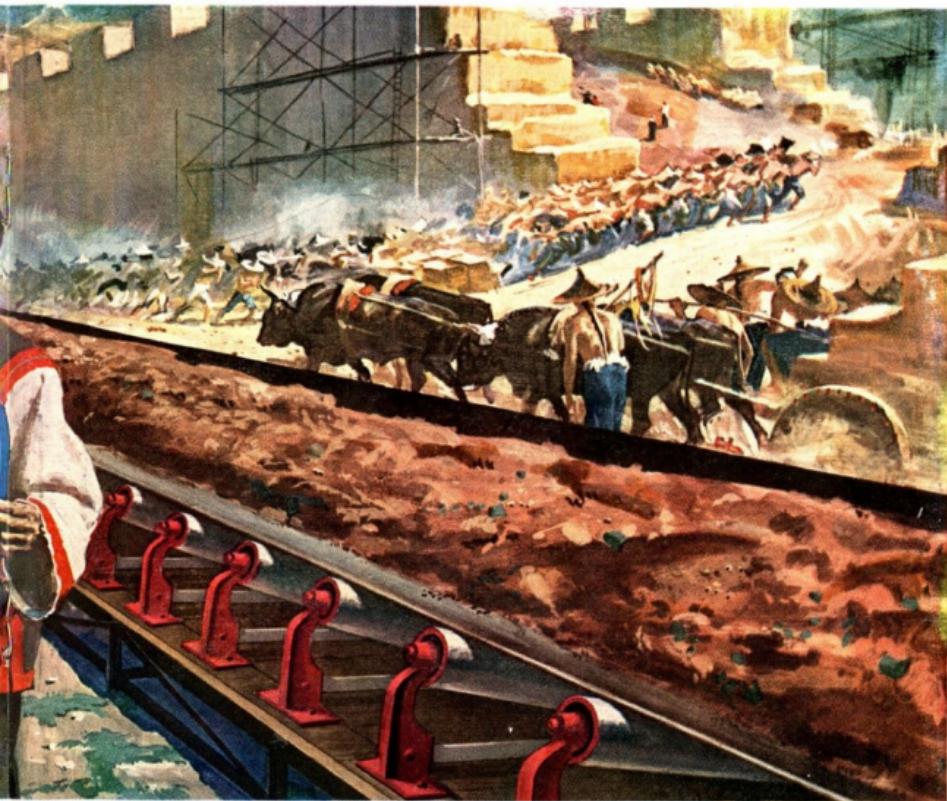
Shih Huang Ti could have saved

"Eighth wonder of the world" is the Great Wall of China, first built during the reign of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti—some 200 years B.C.—to keep out the barbarians from the North. 300,000 troops, many thousands of war prisoners and all the criminals in the land labored 15 years to build this 2000-mile long barrier of approximately 153,400,000 tons of rock and mud.

Today—ABOUT 4 YEARS would be required to move that same tremendous tonnage with a "rubber railroad." Such a system of interconnected rubber conveyor belts—designed by the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—can move 100,000 tons per day, day after day, at a fraction of the cost per ton-mile of any wheeled transportation.

A magic white horse—so legend has it—determined the course of the Great Wall. It was permitted to roam free and the builders followed its path. No terrain obstacles halted them. Neither will Nature stop a "rubber railroad." It can scale hills, span rivers or tunnel through mountains—all at surprisingly low cost.

No "white elephant," either, is a conveyor belt system. It has fully proved its cost-cutting capacity. At Shasta Dam, for instance, ten miles of belts paid for themselves before the job was completed. And they had enough years of service left in them to permit their sale for still other projects at a substantial return of the original investment.



1 years with a "Rubber Railroad"

If you are moving—or plan to move—bulk materials a short distance or many miles, talk to the G.T.M. He can show you how to do it faster and at lower cost with a conveyor system. Call on him through your Goodyear Distributor or by writing Goodyear, Industrial Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.

YOUR GOODYEAR DISTRIBUTOR can quickly supply you with Hose, Flat Belts, V-Belts, Packing or Rolls. Look for him in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory under "Rubber Products" or "Rubber Goods."

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

TV's relaxed and relaxing Dave Garroway this week passed his 2,500th hour on the air, topping the endurance record of even durable Howdy Doody (2,080 hours). In the years of Garroway's climb, the medium which now carries his placating gestures into 1,800,000 homes each day, has grown from a timid experiment, originating largely in Chicago, to a giant phenomenon dominating U.S. living rooms from coast to coast. Last week, perhaps in deference to its veteran, the whole industry seemed as relaxed as Garroway.

Formlessness, informality and a sincere respect for the sponsor's product have long been part of the Garroway formula. Masquerading in a misty domino of entertainment that only partly concealed its real intent, much of what passed across the nation's television screens last week was also devoted to selling some sort of product, tangible or intangible. At least three of the top shows of the week, *Disneyland*, *Warner Brothers Presents*, and the *M-G-M Parade* were blatant commercials from beginning to end, designed only to lure viewers away from their telesets and into the nearest movie house.

Sales Pitch. Even where the product was not readily identifiable, salesmen were hard at work as dramatic show after dramatic show peddled the quintessential goodness of man in one well-contrived happy ending after another. On the *TV Reader's Digest*, a lantern-jawed angel of goodwill named Charlie Faust did for the New York Giants what only Satan could accomplish for the Washington Senators in the Broadway musical comedy *Damn Yankees*. On Chrysler's *Climax!*, Betty Furness and Franchot Tone went to the trouble of killing off an expendable playboy on the operating table to bring understanding back to a busy doctor and his restless wife. The happiest ending of all was provided by Revlon cosmetics, which gave a 28-year-old U.S. Marine captain a check for \$64,000 because he knew what King George VI ate for dinner on the night of March 21, 1939 (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Even the most distinguished presentation of the week, NBC's two-hour-long production of the ANTA revival of *The Skin of Our Teeth*, was in some measure a sales pitch for mankind in general. Concocted for the theater when the iconoscope was still a gadget little known outside the laboratory, playwright Thornton Wilder's crazy, mixed-up parable of the human race is a tale told largely in TV's own terms. Its soap-opera domestic situation, its firm reliance on interpolated newsreels, its constant comic interruptions and its narrow escapes from the mauldin and the mawkish by a hasty retreat into the reality of backstage confusion are all old television tricks. On TV itself last week, they served smoothly to give Wilder's persuasive talk a tart, tongue-in-cheek sense of proportion.



DAVE GARROWAY
2,500 hours of peace.

Sympathetic Look. Less wide-eyed in wonder than Wilder's play and a literate drama in its own right was the U.S. Steel Hour's *A Wind from the South*, starring Julie Harris and Donald Woods. James Costigan's play took a sympathetic look at an unmarried girl of 30, growing old with her unmarried brother in modern Ireland. It found no simple answer to the barren hopelessness of the young in a land where the old have forsaken their hope. Virtually flawless performances by Harris, Woods and their supporters, and an authentic atmosphere of rural Ireland created by production magic in a Manhattan stu-



JULIE HARRIS & DONALD WOODS IN "A WIND FROM THE SOUTH"
A lifetime of barren hopelessness.

dio, were more than adequate compensation for loss of a happy ending.

Given time and patience, the television screen last week showed that it was capable of penetrating light. Too often, however, it seemed content to hold up its hand in benediction and, like Dave Garroway, mouth a meaningless "Peace!"

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Sept. 21. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Edward R. Murrow interviews Jesse Owens, Leonard Bernstein.

Ford Star Jubilee (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Judy Garland in her TV debut.

Frontier (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). New "adult western" series.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Guests: Pearl Bailey, Red Skelton, Charles Laughton.

G. E. Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). *The Windmill*, with James Stewart.

Adventures of Robin Hood (Mon. 7:30 p.m., CBS). Starring Richard Greene.

Medical Horizons (Mon. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Advanced therapy in treating the handicapped.

The Milton Berle Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Guest: Esther Williams.

RADIO

Conversation (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Nancy Kelly, Max Lerner et al. discuss the "ideal spouse."

Cavalcade of Sports (Fri. 10 p.m., NBC). Rocky Castellanini v. Tiger Jones in ten-round middleweight bout.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). All Bach program.

Face the Nation (Sun. 10:05 p.m., CBS). Richard G. Casey, Australia's Minister for External Affairs, questioned on SEATO by members of the press.

SPORT

A Favor for Casey

Back in the heat of summer, when the American League pennant race was still relatively cool, a grey-thatched seer named Casey Stengel squinted into the future. He saw his New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians scrambling through the stretch drive toward the flag. "That Cleveland," he said, with magnificent scorn for the team that last year had beaten him out of his sixth championship in a row. "I hope everybody beats them. Cleveland! All they got is Wynn and Score for pitchers. Detroit? They been a disappointment. But they'll be doing me a favor if they beat Cleveland."

Last week Fifth Place Detroit did Casey a three-fold favor: they swept a three-game series with the Indians and tumbled them from the lead. Suddenly, after almost two weeks of league-leading ball the Indians fell apart. Their crack pitch-

er but the Yanks were riding high. Catcher Berra was connecting for homers again. In one game, he hit two—the second one in the last of the ninth—to beat Boston all by himself and put the Yankees back on top of the league. Pitchers Byrne, Grim and Ford were back in pennant-winning form. Heading out this week for the season's windup with the Senators and the Red Sox, the Yanks had a solid two-game edge.

Hot Hands

Anything can happen in the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship. Sunday-afternoon specialists pop up to knock off a favorite; in-and-outers develop hot hands and scramble the odds. Even the invincible Robert Tyre Jones burned up the fairways for eight years before he finally brought home the national title 31 years ago. So the gallery at Richmond's James River course last week expected its share

of field goals and points after touchdown in the Yale Bowl, pushed with surprising persistence into the semifinals. Booed himself had not expected to last so long. "I didn't bring enough clothes with me," he complained. "I expected to be on my way home Tuesday."

Improving steadily after his first-round scare, Ward came up against Booed in the semifinals and took his measure. In the finals, against Bill Hyndman, 39, a Pennsylvania insurance executive who won the Philadelphia Amateur 20 years ago, Ward could do no wrong.

Blistered Feet. Son of a Tarboro, N.C. druggist, Ward started to play seriously at 13, when he found a rusting hickory-shafted putter in an abandoned locker. In 1949, as a University of North Carolina undergraduate, he won the intercollegiate championship; in 1952 he beat Toledo's Frank Stranahan for the British amateur championship. Always he used the same old putter, had it reshaped three times.

In the final at Richmond, not only his putter but all of his clubs were hot. His



YANKEE YOGI BERRA HITTING GAME-WINNING HOME RUN AGAINST RED SOX
"Cleveland! I hope everybody beats them."

Ike Vers

ers started throwing games away. Lemon, alone, gave up eleven hits in eight innings. Third Baseman Al Rosen made a miserable batting slump worse by stranding five runners in a game that saw his teammates leave another ten men on base. Gratefully, the Yankees made their lead even larger by knocking over the dangerous Red Sox in three straight games at Yankee Stadium, their last home stand of the year.

That series was not without its losses: Slugger Moose Skowron broke his toe in batting practice and is out for several days; Center Fielder Mickey Mantle, fastest man on the team, pulled a leg muscle beating out a bunt, and is on the bench indefinitely; rejuvenated Shortstop Phil Rizzuto was beaten by a pitched ball and had to ride the bench while his teammates won the game already dedicated as Phil Rizzuto Day.

of surprises. It got a great deal more.

Rude Shock. Billy Joe Patton, the jovial lumberman from North Carolina who came close to winning the 1954 Masters, fell in the first round. He had Charles Coe, the 1949 winner, for company. Last year's Runner-Up Bob Sweeney lasted little longer. Handsome Harvie Ward, 29, the San Francisco car salesman who is sometime British amateur and U.S. inter-collegiate champion, Walker Cup player and low amateur in this year's Masters and National Open, gave even himself a rude shock by barely squeaking through his first match. Easily a favorite in the pre-tournament selections, Ward had to sink a 25-ft. putt on a 19-hole playoff to beat Michigan's Ray Palmer and stay in the running.

Then Billy Booed, a Bridgeport, Conn. businessman (corsets and brassieres) who made a name for himself (1946-48) kick-

drives carried true; his iron shots were invariably dead on the pin. His putting was steady and deadly. He was eight up at the end of the first 18.

Hyndman, soft from long hours back of a desk, tramped the fairways with badly blistered feet. He was playing his same steady game, but it was not enough. To make matters worse, Ward was getting the breaks. On the sixth, he overshot the green, saw his ball bounce off a movie sound track and fall safe. After an "approximately" '66 on the first round (he did not actually hole out at several greens), he breezed into the home stretch. Hyndman hung on, won his only hole of the day (with a 75-ft. putt), then halved five in a row to stay alive. Starting the back nine, he was nine down. Both men shot a par four. Harvie Ward, after one of the most spectacular performances in National Amateur history, was nine up with

eight to go. After eight attempts he was finally the U.S. champion.

Unlike most of his predecessors, he is expected to defend his title next year. Said Ward, as he received the winner's trophy: "I will never turn pro."

Father & Son

All week U.C.L.A.'s waspish coach, Henry ("Red") Sanders, was as sarcastic as a top sergeant with sore feet. Sports-writers had named his team the best in the country, and he was determined to cut his players down to fighting size. By gametime, they had got the idea: they were taut as they waited for the kickoff to open the 1955 season.

Tough Texas A. & M. linemen drummed across the white-striped turf of the Los Angeles Coliseum. Tailback Doug Bradley received the kickoff and was promptly knocked loose from the ball; the Bruins were back on their heels on their own twenty. Next time he got his hands on the ball, Bradley lost 13 yards. It was time for Sanders to make his move. In a fatherly way, he took Ronnie Knox by the arm. The handsome, long-legged junior buckled on his helmet and trotted in to take over at tailback.

Notorious Auction. This was what the crowd had been waiting for. They had heard about Ronnie for years (*Time*, July 12, 1954). As a teen-age star, he had traipsed from one high school to another while his vastly ambitious stepfather hand-picked his coaches. As a college freshman, he had been auctioned off to the highest bidder and gone to the University of California at Berkeley. But Stepfather Harvey had not been pleased when Ronnie was treated as something of a rookie. Last year he brought his boy south to U.C.L.A., casually tossed away a year of Ronnie's eligibility to get him the chance of playing for Red Sanders.

No one ever played as good a game as Harvey talked, but last week Ronnie almost lived up to his stepfather's boasts. He got off a 55-yd. punt that dropped dead on the Aggie eleven. His team relaxed and began to play football. In the next series of Bruin plays, pitching in with an index finger painfully injured in



Jon Bonzelli—Sports Illustrated

GOLFER WARD
In with a rusty putter.

practice, Ronnie completed two beautiful passes. When Texas defenders dropped back to cover his receivers, he ran with the bruising drive of an authentic All-American.

Professional Pessimism. With Ronnie Knox calling the shots, the Bruins looked as bright as their billing. Linemen charged with bone-crushing power, wingbacks moved with split-second precision. When defense men tackled, their opponents dropped. In all, Ronnie completed six passes, three for touchdowns. Whenever he wanted to keep the Aggies honest, he was able to send 210-lb. Bob Davenport, one of the best fullbacks in the country, bulling through the line. For the first time in his seven-year career at U.C.L.A., Sanders has a team that can either "go over 'em or through 'em." Final score: U.C.L.A. 21, Texas A. & M. 0.

This week's game against Maryland will be U.C.L.A.'s toughest of the season. To hear Harvey Knox tell it, Ronnie will win it single-handed. "Maryland? Why, if

Ronnie don't throw for five or six touchdowns, I'll disown him. I'll cream him." Red Sanders suffered from a little more professional pessimism: "If we get hurt in one or two places, we could go down pretty fast."

There are, indeed, a few positions where Sanders is woefully weak in substitutes. It helped, though, to hear that highly-touted Maryland barely got started against the University of Missouri (an easy 74-13 victim last year) and won by the thin margin of one point-after-touchdown, 13-12.

Other opening-day scores:

¶ In a penalty-marred game, U.S.C. tramped on Washington State, 50-12.

¶ A surprising Pitt powerhouse came from behind to beat California, 27-7.

¶ A smart and speedy Georgia Tech team upset Miami, 14-6.

Scoreboard

¶ Whipping into the lead right from the start, Dr. Sherwood Johnston of Greenwich, Conn., took his Jaguar D over the dangerous, twisting course at Watkins Glen, N.Y., at an average 81.92 m.p.h. to win the eighth annual sports car Grand Prix. Second: Bill Spear of Southport, Conn., who averaged 81.1 m.p.h. in his Maserati 300S.

¶ A combined team of 22 American civilians and SAC airmen who thought they knew something about judo, Japan's "soft art," took a painful trouncing from some Hokkaido University students at Sapporo, Japan. George F. Geisenhoff, 200-lb. SAC strongman, was tossed out of the ring and broke his collarbone; Kenji Honda, 130-lb. American of Japanese ancestry, was all but smothered by his opponent and wound up with several broken ribs.

¶ In three straight heats of the President's Cup speed-boat regatta on the Potomac River, three-time cup winner *Miss Pepsi*, driven by Detroit's Chuck Thompson, finished first. But on the final dash, *Miss Pepsi* crossed the starting line two seconds ahead of the gun and was disqualified. Winner on points (after finishing third in the final heat): *Tempo VII*, driven by Danny Foster and owned by Band Leader Guy Lombardo.



U.C.L.A.'S TAILBACK KNOX RUNNING AGAINST TEXAS A. & M.
"Maryland? Why if Ronnie don't throw for five or six touchdowns, I'll disown him."

Associated Press

RELIGION



In Chicago, He Serves Your Steaks

In Chicago's two most famous restaurants the unusual is the rule! In the College Inn Porterhouse, the most succulent steaks in America are served by the wrangler above. In the Pump Room (of flaming sword fame) your waiter is garbed in colorful traditional English hunting pinks!

Even more unusual, is the fact that these two great restaurants—Chicago's finest—are housed in Chicago's two finest hotels. The Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse is in the Hotel Sherman.

Next time you come to Chicago, let the fabulous cuisine of these restaurants serve as your guide in selecting a hotel. In the Ambassador and Sherman, you will find that the luxury of accommodations and perfection of service are as outstanding as the famous food. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

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THE HOTELS

Ambassador

HOME OF THE PUMP ROOM
NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE
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Catholics v. M.R.A.

The Roman Catholic Church has turned thumbs down on the Moral Re-Armament movement. In Washington, D.C. the National Catholic Welfare Conference's press department, clearing house of all U.S.-Catholic public information, issued a pointed résumé of "important Church documents recently released in various parts of the world." Heart of the résumé: a letter to all bishops from the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office at the Vatican. Excerpt: "It is not fitting for . . . priests, and much less for nuns, to participate in the meetings of Moral

investigation of the American religious paradox. In *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* (Doubleday; \$4) Jewish Author-Scholar Will Herberg maintains that both the religiousness and the secularism of the American people derive from much the same sources, and have combined to give the U.S. a religion all its own.

The Three Branches. A man's religion in the U.S. is freighted with a special significance it does not have in other countries, says Herberg; it tells him where he stands. The immigrant to the U.S. in the 19th century was expected to change his language, customs, social attitudes—but not his religion. Second generation citi-



PROTESTANT, CATHOLIC & JEW (AT WASHINGTON INTERFAITH MEETING)*
Is atheism better for religion?

Re-Armament, [nor should] the faithful accept posts of responsibility in Moral Re-Armament . . ."

Also released, a letter from Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, Secretary of the Holy Office: "[It is astonishing] to see Catholics and even priests seek certain moral and even social objectives, however praiseworthy, in the bosom of a movement which possesses neither the patrimony of doctrine or of spiritual life . . ."

The American Religion

America is a spiritual paradox: it is, at the same time, the most religious and the most secular nation in the world. From 1949 to 1953, U.S. distribution of the Scriptures jumped 140%. In a recent survey of religious attitudes, more than four-fifths of U.S. citizens said they believed the Bible was the "revealed word of God." But another survey shows 53% unable to name even one of the Gospels. And a panel of 28 prominent Americans asked to rate the 100 most significant happenings in history, ranked Christ's crucifixion 4th (tied with the Wright brothers' flight and the discovery of X rays).

Published this week is a sharp-minded

zen, hungry to be "real Americans," tended to get away from their parents' ways as far and fast as possible. But the third generation looks back to find its identity: "What the son wishes to forget," said Historian Marcus Lee Hansen, "the grandson wishes to remember."

What he finds to remember is religion, but it is not the same as his grandfather's, for this, too, has undergone Americanization. The many varied regional or national sects and churches which the immigrants brought along with their cooking and their clothes have been reduced to a tripartite division: Protestant, Catholic and Jew. These have become "three great branches or divisions of 'American religion.'"

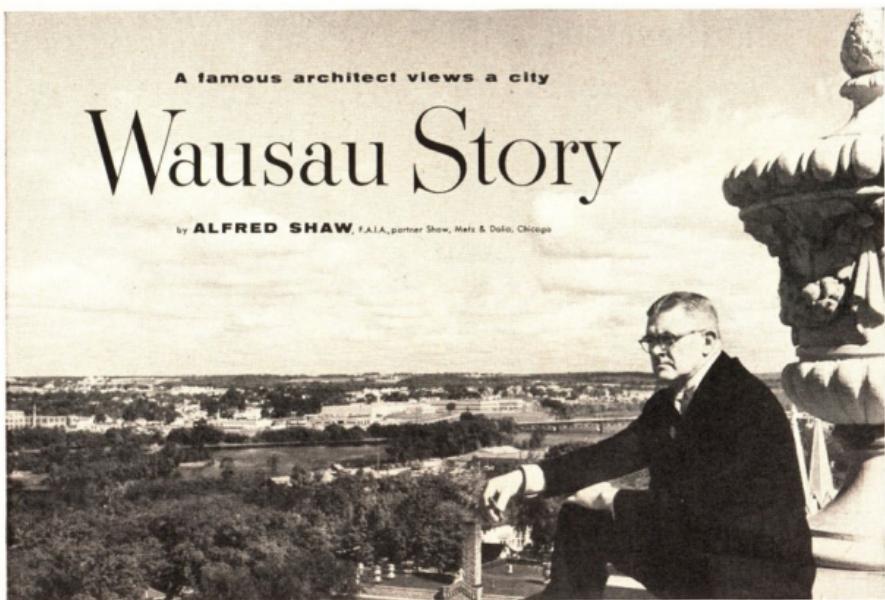
The Biblical origin of the three faiths is not so important in this connection, Herberg believes, as the idea "that they

* Attending First National Conference (1954) on the Spiritual Foundations of American Democracy: (from left) the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson of National Presbyterian Church; the Most Rev. Patrick A. O'Boyle, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Washington, D.C.; Dr. Charles W. Lowry, former Episcopalian clergymen and conference chairman; Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld, Washington Hebrew Congregation.

A famous architect views a city

Wausau Story

by ALFRED SHAW, F.A.I.A., partner Shaw, Metz & Dalo, Chicago



The view of Wausau from atop the Hotel Wausau interested Mr. Shaw, who not only helped design such buildings as Chicago's Merchandise Mart and Argonne National Laboratories, but is also a member of the Chicago Plan Commission.

ABRHAM LINCOLN said: 'I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives' . . . and 'live in it so that his place will be proud of him.'

I felt much of this pride in Wausau, as I watched workmen erect a shopping center . . . as I talked with young people in their new homes.

Wausau should be proud. It hasn't all been easy.

We visited a granite quarry where the famous Ruby Red granite is mined. There, on the quarry face, I noticed a fine apple tree growing out of almost solid rock. It reminded me of Wausau. A solid background of lumbering . . . hard men, tough tim-

ber and machines. And out of it has grown something very good.

When they hauled away the big timber years ago, the people who pioneered in Wausau could have left too. Instead they stayed. They and their children built a new Wausau. They're still at it.

This has meant hard work. It takes hours to cut a single chunk of granite. It takes time, too, for a city to build industries, schools and subdivisions. Wausau is doing it, and has a Planning Commission to see it's done right. I see now why so many say that the 'Wausau way' is a good way of doing business. It is."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with."

During his Wausau visit (see story left) Mr. Shaw remarked: "When we finish a building we don't just walk away from it. We keep working until everyone is satisfied."

This, too, is the way we like to do business. One of Employers Mutuals' major lines of insurance is **workmen's compensation**. We believe it's important to *keep* working on our policyholder's problems, not merely wait until trouble develops.

Take the matter of accidents. They are controllable. The fewer a company has, the more it can save on costs. Therefore, Employers Mutuals works *continuously* to help you prevent accidents. Trained safety engineers and occupational health nurses *team with your own people* to reduce accidents and save you money. Their services cost you nothing, yet can contribute impressively to your profits. We'd like to talk over our services with you. Phone our nearest office, or write to Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals
of Wausau



In talking with Mrs. Richard Helke of Wausau, Mr. Shaw remarked: "The back yards of these homes look better to me than many front yards I've seen."



At the granite quarry of Anderson Bros. & Johnson in Wausau, Mr. Shaw is currently a member of the group designing U.S. and naval bases in Spain.

This business gift wins "warm regards" for you!



*A plant like this stays fresh
indefinitely, needs little attention.*

A PLANT IS WELCOME IN EVERY OFFICE...



Excellent Taste. A living, growing plant is a gracious addition to every office. You avoid all uncertainty about individual likes and dislikes.

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are three diverse representations of . . . the 'spiritual values' American democracy is presumed to stand for." Thus "it becomes virtually mandatory for the American to place himself in one or another of these groups . . . For being a Protestant, a Catholic or a Jew is understood as the specific way, and increasingly perhaps the only way, of being an American and locating oneself in American society."

The New Secularism. Herberg cites a poll which asked U.S. citizens whether they obeyed the Biblical law of love toward a member of another religion (yes, 90%); or another race (yes, 80%); or a "political party that you think is dangerous" (no, 57%). "While the Jewish-Christian law of love is formally acknowledged, the truly operative factor is the value system embodied in the American Way of Life. Where the American Way of Life approves of love of one's fellow man, most Americans confidently assert that they practice such love; where the American Way of Life disapproves, the great mass of Americans do not hesitate to confess that they do not practice it, and apparently feel very little guilt for their failure."

Americans have faith in faith; they "believe in religion in a way that perhaps no other people do" as a "good thing" for man and nation, without making theological distinctions. Herberg quotes President Eisenhower: "Our form of government has no sense unless it is founded in a deeply felt religious faith, and I don't care what it is."

Professional unbelievers and out-and-out secularists like Robert Ingersoll and Clarence Darrow are now all but extinct. Instead, a new kind of secularism flourishes that uses and supports religion, and in turn is sanctified by it. Europeans, accustomed to a sharper confrontation between the two forces, are often puzzled by the U.S. brand of secularism which "is to be found within the churches themselves and is expressed through men and women who are sincerely devoted to religion . . . It is not secularism as such that is characteristic of the present religious situation in this country but secularism within a religious framework, the secularism of religious people."

Herberg sums up: "The familiar distinction between religion and secularism appears to be losing much of its meaning under present-day conditions. Both the 'religionists' and the 'secularists' cherish the same basic values and organize their lives on the same fundamental assumptions." True Christian or Jewish witness, Herberg points out, may be "much more difficult under these conditions than when faith has to contend with overt and avowed unbelief."

Repentance in Honolulu

Surrounded by the volcanoes of Honolulu, the delegates to the 88th triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church appropriately reminded themselves of Asia's explosive situation. The customary pastoral letter of the House of Bishops (which must be read to all



Gift-wrapped Plane? For a racing hazard, a unique solution at "Powder Puff Derby," Long Beach, California.



Doris Eacret and Official Starter Jack London: "Planes have complexions, too . . ."

Mystery at Women's Air Race

Spectators at the Ninth Annual All-Woman Transcontinental Air Race (the "Powder Puff Derby") were mystified this year by one plane.

Owned by Mrs. Doris Eacret, Nevada's leading woman pilot and wife of Bing Crosby's ranch manager, this Cessna 140 stood wrapped in a stylish satin-smooth jacket. But her plane was not putting on airs, the petite aviatrix declared. In fact, the odd-looking garment kept the "airs" out.

SPEED LOSS HAZARD. As Mrs. Eacret explains, all contestants spend tedious hours hand-polishing their planes to reduce air friction to the lowest possible point. But by rules of the race, each plane spends several days before takeoff, grounded at the airport in Long Beach, California.

In past years, Flyer Eacret noted that the salt-laden winds pitted and scarred the finish of her plane, costing three to five precious miles per hour. To protect the shiny Cessna, she needed a lightweight plane jacket that could act as a barrier against the corrosive ocean breezes. Polyethylene, the one plastic lighter than water, and so corrosion-proof it resists even hydrofluoric acid, seemed the ideal solution.

She contacted Spencer Chemical Co., makers of Poly-Eth Polyethylene whose creative staff designed and supervised the making of the "airplane kimono."

CREATIVE CO-OPERATORS. This is but one example of the Spencer

Polyethylene
 MYSTERY "KIMONO" FOR
 AIR RACER—ANOTHER
 INGENIOUS USE FOR
 FASTEST GROWING PLASTIC

Company's alert interest in the creative use of polyethylene and its astonishing and unique properties. At the Spencer Plastics Laboratory new applications are the subject of constant investigations, undertaken in conjunction with the Technical Service Staff, which has been set up to advise customers and prospects.

And imaginative folk like Flyer Eacret turn up with all sorts of amazing ideas.

For restaurant owners, polyethylene makes ideal individual packs for ketchup, mustard, jelly, and sauces. Poly-Eth containers can save time and waste, and they remain flexible, even in refrigerators. Perforated notches at one corner make opening easy.

• A midwestern farmer recently did all three steps of pipe-laying in one operation. He furrowed up a fifty-acre field with his tractor, laid down lightweight, flexible drainage pipe made from polyethylene, and covered it over again as he went. This kind of job can be done faster than a man walks, because pipe made from Poly-Eth can turn corners or even make U-turns as it's laid.

Chances are your business can benefit from this new chemical marvel. Why not check up on your manufacturing, packaging, storage, and handling problems? We'll be glad to



Salesman Pete Dornik and Poly-Eth discuss your needs without charge or obligation. And, of course, we're always interested in your creative ideas for using the new wonder plastic—Spencer Poly-Eth.

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COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO



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Ed Lee

PORTLAND'S PASTOR DAVIE & DIVORCEES
In the collection plate, an overdue note.

Episcopal congregations within the month) pointed to "a tidal upheaval of deprived, hungry peoples struggling for food and nationhood and full human status and acceptance" in lands into which "half the population of God's world" is crowded. "We in the United States," said the letter, "whatever our protestations of superior virtue . . . have inherited in great measure the fears and resentments of Asia toward the West . . . We can make a case for the very mixed benefits of empire and of economic penetration motivated by the desire for gain. Before God and men, we can make no case for contempt and assumptions of racial superiority. These are the deepest roots of our alienation from Asia. For these there is no answer but repentance."

The delegates also:

- ¶ Voted to hold the next triennial convention (Oct. 5, 1958) in Miami Beach, after hearing assurances that there would be no taint of the racial segregation that caused the 1955 convention to be switched to Honolulu from Houston.
- ¶ Backed Hawaii's and Alaska's bid for statehood.
- ¶ Rejected a move that would permit churchwomen to be seated in the House of Deputies.
- ¶ Noted a three-year growth in Episcopal Church membership from 2,471,295 to 2,757,744.
- ¶ Adopted a record annual budget of \$6,807,947.84 for the next three years (up about \$1,000,000 over the last convention's budget), of which \$4,920,826.15 is earmarked for domestic and foreign missions.
- ¶ Raised the presiding bishop's salary from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

Divorcees Anonymous

When the collection plate came around, lonely Verna Burke dropped in a note along with her contribution: Was there any kind of club or organization in the church for divorced people? There wasn't, so the Rev. Paul Davie of Portland's

Piedmont Presbyterian Church went to work founding one, with 40-year-old divorcee Burke and four others from his congregation as a nucleus. After it was publicized through an interview with Mrs. Burke in the *Portland Oregonian*, some 200 calls swamped the church. People wanted to know if there were restrictions as to faith (no), place of residence (no), number of divorces (no).

For their first public meeting, Pastor Davie and his committee expected 60 people, eventually had to accommodate 160, about 30 of them men. Some had come from as far as 30 miles away. Last week the executive committee of the new club met to plan its first dance. With the tentative name of TPM (Tuesday evening), the club plans to meet the third Tuesday of every month and to hold some kind of social activity between regular meetings. Says 45-year-old Preacher Davie: "The way they responded to the church relationship is wonderful and surprising. People resist so often when you try to give them a spiritual background—then suddenly here are 160 of them." The club's purpose: to provide a happy alternative to "getting a date or getting married the quick way by barflies."

A similar church group, called Divorcees Anonymous, has been at work in Los Angeles for five years. Affiliated with Hollywood's First Presbyterian Church, the organization has a committee of 25, including ministers, doctors, psychologists and laymen, who make themselves available at all times to help any of their 200-odd fellow members. But it is the church itself that seems to be the most help. "I was touched by the look of forlornness on these people," said Hollywood Presbyterian's Pastor Raymond I. Lindquist. "There's no glamour about them, just a climate of failure. You could call it a parade into darkness. But as soon as they get religion to fit into their needs, you see them brightening up. Suddenly, there's a twinge of hope."



DATE WITH A

Hurricane!

She arrived about a year ago. We at Western Electric had been keeping a wary eye on her ever since she was a spoiled kid, kicking up her heels around the Caribbean. Though we were more than 1,000 miles away at our headquarters in New York City, we were listening to the weather reports and following her every twist and turn on a big wall map.

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replenish a drain on our stockpiles. **Most of these supplies** were originally scheduled for delivery anywhere from six weeks to six months from now. But a hurricane doesn't wait.

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MUSIC

Pirouette & Pageantry

At the end of the prologue to *The Sleeping Beauty*, New York City's then Mayor William O'Dwyer leaned over into the next Golden Horseshoe box and addressed a duchesslike lady named Ninette de Valois, directress for 20 years of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and later Dame of the British Empire. "Lady," said Hiz-zoner, "you're in."

That was during the first U.S. appearance of Sadler's Wells six years ago—and Sadler's Wells has been in ever since. Last week, back in the U.S. for the fourth time, it was greeted by New Yorkers as an old friend. Indeed, it had not changed. Along with its 48 tons of imposing scenery and costumes, it brought a repertory that included a familiar full-length *Swan Lake*, a new production of *Coppélia*, a re-staging of Fokine's *Firebird*; all these are ballets reaching to a wide public that cares

by the company's newest ballerina, leggy young (22) Svetlana Beriosova. She is less technically accomplished than some of the older soloists, but last week, dancing Fonteyn's role of Princess Aurora for only the fifth time, she showed the special quality that can transform a dance from a series of steps into a magical whole.

In such productions as *Sleeping Beauty*, Sadler's Wells puts on the kind of ballet no U.S. company can match. But Sadler's Wells has always tried manfully to prove that it could also excel in a style more up-to-date than storybook romanticism. Its success in this field has been indifferent. This time there were four ballets new to the U.S. by the company's leading Choreographer Frederick Ashton, one by rising young John Cranko. Ashton's *Scènes de Ballet* was danced before a De Chirico-like architectural backdrop, proved as angularly abstract as the Stravinsky score in an

of an imperious beauty, well danced by statuesque Beryl Grey, who spurns aristocratic lovers and goes off with a clown. If the choreography seemed unoriginal and the story flimsy, the dandies were properly elegant, the flirts suitably flouncy, the clown appealingly sad.

All in all, the Sadler's Wells foray into modernism so far has produced nothing to match the austere abstractions of the New York City Ballet, the Times Square gaieties and psychological thrillers of Ballet Theater. But Dame Ninette's charming people are truly at home and unsurpassed in the dazzling Never-Never-Land of romantic ballet.

Some Angel

Sergei Prokofiev loved to write operas, but the world did not seem to care for them. His first mature one, *Magdalene*, was never produced; his second, *The Gambler*, had one performance in Brussels and then disappeared; the failure of his third, *The Love for Three Oranges*, in the U.S. in 1921-22 so disappointed



GREY (IN BLACK) & PARTNERS* IN "LADY & THE FOOL"

At home in a land that never was.

less for pirouettes than for the pageantry of a world peopled by kings and queens, wicked magicians and good fairies in butterfly-drawn coaches.

As usual, the epitome of that world was Margot Fonteyn, who again opened the U.S. tour with *Sleeping Beauty*. She was nimble and fleet, as a princess should be, poised and incredibly effortless as she accepted her suitor's greetings in the arduous Rose adagio, where even the most accomplished technician is apt to teeter unhappily as she stands stock-still on one pointe and accepts a rose from four courtiers, one after the other.

The New Ballets. Backing up Ballerina Fonteyn is an impressive company. Men are a notorious Sadler's Wells weakness, but Michael Somes, Fonteyn's self-efacing partner, has developed into a fine *danseur noble*. And Brian Shaw, with his soaring leaps and flickering feet, is a dancer who can hold his own in any company. Some of the most exciting dancing is provided



FONTEYN & SOMES IN "SLEEPING BEAUTY"

intricate counterpoint of shifting groups. High point was the saucy, mincing solo of young ballerina Nadia Nerina, dancing like a flirtatious marionette to the lilting wail of an oboe.

But another new work was disastrously pretentious, a complex, often embarrassing brouhaha of heavy symbolism, mythology and sex. It told the story of Greek mythology's Tiresias, who begins as a man, is transformed into a woman, then back again. Inexplicable characters dashed in and out of the ballet, including copulating snakes and a tiny girl equipped with brass breastplates, whose face is blue-black on one side, chalk-white on the other. The production's one real merit: the sensuous dancing of dark-haired Violetta Elvin as Tiresias the Woman, and especially the moment when her partner lifts the ballerina and moves her across stage as she takes huge, slow strides as if she were running in a dream landscape.

The Real Home. John Cranko's *Lady and the Fool* was a romantic period piece set to little-known Verdi music—the story

Russian Composer Prokofiev that he fled the U.S., where he had been touring since 1918. For 18 months he hid out in the depths of Bavaria—to finish another opera.

It had everything. *The Flaming Angel* was set in medieval Germany, where witchcraft and inquisitions were the leading pastimes. The heroine was a virgin with visions who turned her search for sainthood into earthly passions before she was finally burned at the stake. Even better was the music, which Prokofiev himself declared "my greatest." But all this was not good enough; despite the efforts of such famed conductors as Bruno Walter and Serge Koussevitzky, no opera house was willing to stage the gigantic work. Prokofiev despaired of ever getting it produced—to the extent of lifting his *Third Symphony* almost entirely from it—and eventually it simply vanished.

Three years ago, shortly before the composer's death in Russia, an employee in the Paris branch of British Music Publishers Boosey & Hawkes found the

* Philip Chatfield, with Ray Powell looking on.

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Giacomelli

SOPRANO DOW & SUITOR*
Seduction with a song.

manuscript in the basement. Last week the work finally had its stage première at Venice's International Music Festival. It was soon clear why nobody had dared try *Flaming Angel* before. For one thing, the leading soprano is onstage singing almost constantly—for five long acts, Texas Soprano Dorothy Dow, famed for her ability to sing demanding modern roles (TIME, June 16, 1952), found herself singing while lying on a bed being seduced and while having convulsions.

Equally taxing were the opera's numerous scenic effects. Examples: a skeleton hanging on a wall that suddenly begins to sing and flail its arms; a scene where Mephistopheles throws a small boy on a table, carves him up and swallows him (in the Venice production, the boy actually disappeared in a flash of light as the knife descended).

But with Prokofiev's music behind it, even the most outrageous scene became plausible. The almost continuous recitative was punctuated with honest, lyrical arias, and a couple of taut musical interludes showed just how high a master could build tension. When it was all over, the audience stripped roses from the theater boxes to toss at the cast's feet, and the press tossed rosy adjectives. Would any other opera house undertake it? Probably not without drastic cuts—and a new leading lady. Said soprano Dow: "They can do it again, but not with me. I don't want to lose my voice."

New Jazz Records

Harry Carney with Strings (Clef LP). The man who has provided the solid foundation of Duke Ellington's six sects during 30 wonderful years plays his baritone in lush surroundings. The sound of the solo is pleasantly, hoarsely tender, and the tone of the improvisation recalls

* Tenor Rolando Panerai.

a good-natured storyteller ruminating over his romantic past, with occasional wry asides. Among the good old tunes: *It Had to Be You*, *A Ghost of a Chance*.

Don Elliott Doubles in Brass (Guardian LP). Versatile jazzman Elliott plays trumpet (sometimes choked with sorrow, sometimes sighing in contentment), the mellophone (an extravert relative of the French horn) and the chilly chimes of the vibraphone. Co-starring on this "Showcase" album: Pianist Ellis Larkins, who has a sophisticated beat all his own and a sweet, gentle way of dandling a tune.

Bud Freeman (Capitol LP). Tenor Saxman Freeman was a 1936-38 feature of the great Tommy Dorsey band. His way with such tunes as *Three Little Words*, *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan*, etc. is fresh, insolent, rugged, mellow—depending on the subtle humors of music and musician.

Coleman Hawkins & His All-Stars (Concert Hall LP). Tenorman Hawkins is one of the alltime master hot improvisers, a willy-nilly progenitor of the bellowing excesses that mark today's rock-'n-roll craze (TIME, April 4). This record shows that Hawkins' swooping insinuations, his ever-building arabesques, his brash, driving rhythms have withered little with the years.

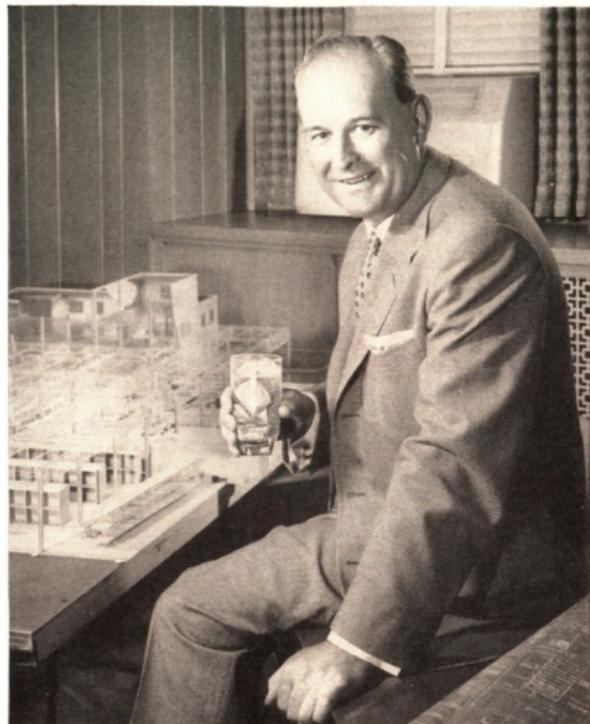
Pete Kelly's Blues (Victor & Columbia LPs). Both of these disks offer the same musicians—Clarinetist Matty Matlock and his Jazz Band, including Tenorman Eddie Miller, Guitarist George Van Eps, Drummer Nick Fatool—and eleven of the same tunes from the current movie. Several of the players, once the shock-thatched cream of Chicagoland, are now the cream of Movieland, and their thinning hair is neatly parted.

The Natural Seven (Victor LP). A pickup septet, led by Tenorman Al Cohn, plays jazz à la Count Basie in his Kansas City heyday. The music bounces on foam rubber rather than crepe shoes, is muffled rather than raucous, but includes some delightfully piquant ensemble riffs under the trumpet of Joe Newman.

Lennie Niehaus, Vol. III (Contemporary LP). A distinctive-sounding octet, identifiable by its deep-pile texture, its gentle but unmistakable swing, the oddball humor of its sudden pauses and the curious mutter of its counterpoint.

The Trolley Song (Dave Brubeck Quartet; Fantasy 45 r.p.m. single). One of Pianist Brubeck's and Alto Saxman Paul Desmond's most popular numbers, unmasked. One side of the disk has the finished product; the other shows how it was put together in rehearsal. "Hard to keep up," murmurs Dave as he fingers a tricky accompaniment figure. "Listen," he warns his combo. "If I'm going to play this, boy, I want you guys in on the beats you're playing as hard as you can play . . . umpeta-pah, umpeta-pah . . ." The bass man thumps out a sample, and Dave approves: "Yeah! Unh! Zam! I don't wanna hear 'Omm, cha-boom.' I want 'Unh! Unh! Unh! Unh!'" He gets the sounds he wants, and the trolley goes clanking on its way.

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THE PRESS

The Death of a Girl

To Bayard Brunt, 38, star rewrite man on the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, the tip from the *Miami News* on the death of a young woman looked like nothing more than a routine news story—at first. All he knew was that a Miami policeman, Earl Oestreicher, had been given emergency leave to go to Philadelphia because of the sudden death there of his wife. Brunt remembered Oestreicher: only two months before, he had eloped with Philadelphia Heiress Doris Jean Silver, 22, daughter of a vice president of Food Fair Stores, Inc. (fifth largest U.S. food chain) and niece of the chain's founder.

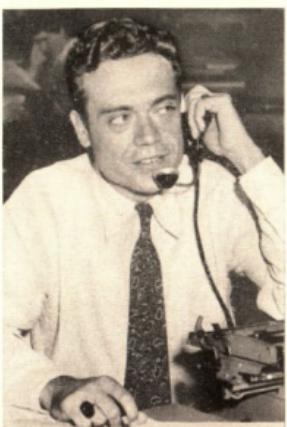
But Brunt is too good a newsman to let even a routine tip go by without checking it exhaustively. His hard digging into stories has turned up a handful of beats and earned him the nickname "Bulldog" in the city room. By last week, as a result of Bulldog Brunt's smart reporting and shrewd detective work, the death of Doris Oestreicher was big news on Page One of many a big-city paper, and three people, including Doris Oestreicher's mother, were under arrest for suspected abortion.

Brunt started out with a phone check to the Silver home. Yes, Doris had died, but at the "home of a friend." That was all he could learn. On a hunch, he phoned the city morgue, found that a "Shirley Silver" had been brought in the night before. Her home address was 1500 Melrose Avenue in suburban Melrose Park, the same as that of Heiress Doris Silver Oestreicher. She had been brought from an apartment in a slum area. Wondered Brunt: What was an heiress doing there?

The Sudden Pain. But the city's Medical Examiner Melville Aston was not so curious as Brunt: he had already agreed to release the body, without an autopsy, thus ending his interest in the case. His lack of interest was due to the fact that the Silvers' family physician had assured him that the girl had suffered from an allergy, and he would get a letter from the allergist setting this forth. To the allergist who had been treating her, the family physician explained that Doris had been "suddenly taken with an acute pain in the chest and within minutes had died." On this report, the allergist agreed to give the coroner a letter establishing the fact that she had been under a doctor's care before death.

When Brunt learned this, he called the allergist and bluntly asked: Did he realize that he would, in fact, be giving a death certificate for the girl? The allergist was shocked, said he intended to do no such thing. Then Examiner Aston hastily changed his mind about releasing the body. As he scheduled an investigation into the death, the *Bulletin* broke the story on Page One.

But when Reporter Brunt tried to dig further into the case, he ran into a political stone wall. No official of the police or medical examiner's office would talk. An-



Dom Ligato—Philadelphia Bulletin
THE "BULLETIN'S" BRUNT
Tip.

grily, Brunt hustled to the office of Mayor Joseph Clark, charged that covering up the scandal "would cost the Democrats the election." Then Brunt went after District Attorney Samuel Dash, convinced him also that the cover-up would be a hot political issue. Two days later, Dash finally made it official: Doris Oestreicher died from an "illegal operation."

"Do Something." Next day, the coroner's inquest was held, and the sordid story came out. Only two days before Doris had died, her family physician examined her and said she appeared to be six weeks pregnant. The mother "wasn't



Walter Doran
THE "NATION'S" MCWILLIAMS
Top.

very happy," pleaded with him to "do something about it," apparently so it would not block the divorce she hoped Doris would get. Doris' husband, the son of a well-heeled Chicago fuel dealer, later explained: "Doris' mother thought she was too good for any boy, including me."

After the family physician failed to "do something," Mrs. Silver accompanied her daughter to the two-bedroom, \$40-a-month slum apartment of a bartender, Milton Schwartz and his wife, Rosalie, a hairdresser. There, the District Attorney charged, Doris was given a compound of oils, ground-up cinchona and slippery-elm bark to induce an abortion. Bits of irritating bark had reached her bloodstream and lungs, killing her.

Last week Milton and Rosalie Schwartz were arrested on an abortion charge. Mrs. Silver was also taken into custody as an accomplice. But the shock of the death—and the investigation—proved too much for her; she was temporarily committed to a mental institution. The story did not stop there. At week's end District Attorney Dash subpoenaed 19 witnesses to find out who had tried to cover up the death of Doris Oestreicher.

Change at the Nation

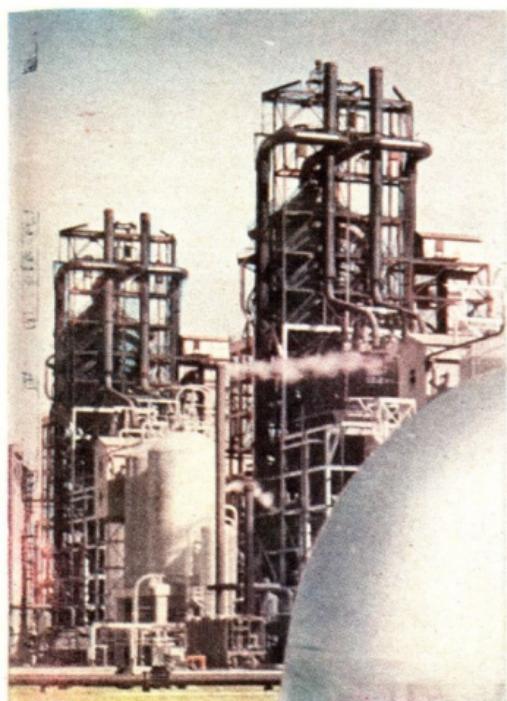
Ever since Freda Kirchwey bought the pink *Nation* in 1937, it has been almost constantly in the red. Publisher-Editor Kirchwey kept the weekly (circ. 32,726) going only by a constant begging campaign for contributions. Last week, weary of rattling the tin cup, Freda Kirchwey stepped out of her job. "I want to do some traveling and some writing," she said, "without the burdens I've had."

But there will be no change in the far-left tack of the magazine. The new editor is tweedy, bespectacled Carey McWilliams, editorial director for the last four years and a "liberal" who at times nudged close to the Communist Party line. As California commissioner of housing and immigration toward the last years of the Depression, McWilliams championed the collective farm, has been connected with half a dozen organizations since cited by the U.S. Attorney General as subversive, e.g., Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. Last week, for a half-hearted apology, the *Nation* settled a libel suit against its former art critic, Clement Greenberg, who in a letter to the *New Leader* (TIME, April 2, 1951) had accused *Nation* Foreign Editor Alvarez del Vayo of "invariably [paralleling] Soviet propaganda."

To improve the state of the *Nation*, Editor McWilliams hopes to expand the U.N. and Washington coverage, build up the back-of-the-book sections with better coverage of art, books, theater, radio-TV, music. How much building he can do actually depends on new Publisher George G. Kirstein, son of the former chairman of Boston's William Filene's Sons Co. To pay some of the *Nation's* bills, Kirstein is himself putting a limited (and unspecified) sum into the nonprofit company that holds all *Nation* stock, hopes to raise enough new cash to beef up the *Nation*.

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EDUCATION

Prefab School Days

In Lafayette, Ind., elementary students returned to classes this month in handsome, fully equipped school erected especially to serve the needs of the city's rapidly growing Edgelea area (two new homes a day). Through its eight spacious rooms trouped the youngsters, bubbling over with amazement at the rubber-cushioned seats, green blackboards, tinted glass walls. But nothing about Edgelea's new school was more amazing than the fact that five weeks before it had not existed.

Fast & Cheap. The Edgelea school is a new thing in schools: a prefabricated job built to rival the conventional school building. It was put up as a pilot model by National Homes Corp., the nation's

communities that have reached their bonded-debt limit.

Edgelea's new school is probably the nearest thing to a prototype of the new generation of prefab models. It is a single-story, brick-wood-steel building, low and rambling, composed of four self-contained, two-classroom units connected by an enclosed corridor of glazed glass (unnecessary in warm areas). Each 2,700-sq. ft. unit has its own twin washrooms, project area, heating plant, storage space and drinking fountains. The units can be used individually or added to as required, can be dismantled and moved to follow shifting populations. With such models, communities will be able to build for their current needs and avoid large-scale, heavily bonded construction programs.



LAFAYETTE, IND.'s 21-DAY WONDER
Tied up with lightweight bonds.

largest builder of prefabricated homes, in only 21 working days after its foundation was poured. Cost per classroom: \$18,500. Conventional school buildings take from twelve to 18 months to construct, cost an average of \$37,000 a classroom.

Prefab schools are not a new idea, but heretofore most of them have been cheaply built temporary wooden buildings lacking in conveniences. There are signs that the tide is now turning to well-planned permanent prefabs, sturdily constructed of steel, glass, wood and Fiberglas. School officials are frantically trying to find space for the horde of youngsters crowding the bulging public schools. This fall, says the U.S. Office of Education, there will be a shortage of 250,000 classrooms. Many communities simply cannot afford to build the school buildings they need; others have changing needs and such schools are not satisfactory.

Flexible & Convenient. Hoping to cash in on the demand, several companies have already started building the new prefab schools. In Hamilton, Mass., Stoner Associates of Boston has just completed a two-classroom addition to the Manasseh Cutler School. It is built of aluminum, glass, steel and Fiberglas, is complete with heating, plumbing, TV and furnishings. Cost: \$22,500 per classroom. Another Boston firm, Structo Schools Corp., is planning to build modified prefabs, rent them to

Report Card

Why are so many U.S. colleges overcrowded? Because "there is too vigorous a drive to encourage people to take college education who are not really qualified to do so," said Kenneth C. Royall, chairman of the New York Committee for the White House Conference on Education and one-time (1947-49) Secretary of the Army. "In many instances, college education is not conducive to a better job . . ." His recommendation: more vocational training, less general education in the high school.

President Eisenhower recommended lengthening high school and college courses, perhaps to five years each, to meet the needs of modern life, lamented to reporters at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver that "college education is not provided free and high school education is." The President's remarks got a cool reception from educators who believe that the solution is to reorganize the schools, not lengthen the years of study.

Bucking the trend away from the classics, the University of Maryland decided to revive courses in Latin and Greek that it dropped 13 years ago, named Dr. William Turner Avery, former professor at Louisiana State University, to head a new Department of Classical Language and Literature.



"TO CUT TRAVEL TIME, I LEARNED TO FLY."

C. N. McClelland, president of Pittsburgh Tank and Tower Co., found his schedule of business calls growing longer and longer. "To cut down my travel time," he says, "I bought a Piper Tri-Pacer and learned to fly.

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Above, Mrs. McClelland joins her husband as he starts a circle tour of tanks under repair by his crews.



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HUGH STIX IN THE ARTISTS' GALLERY

One for the Show

To all outward appearances, the owner of Manhattan's Artists' Gallery was behaving last week like the Madman Muntz of the art dealers' world. On the walls of his Lexington Avenue walkup were hanging drawings by 204 artists. Side by side with relative unknowns were works by such top U.S. moderns as Lyonel Feininger, William Baziotes, William Gropper, Philip Evergood and Josef Albers worth up to \$250. Each drawing was marked at

a flat \$25. The only hitch: on none of the drawings was the artist's signature visible, and the gallery refused to say who had drawn what. The bargain show was just another way for the gallery's businessman-founder, Hugh Stix, 48, a former Harvard Fine Arts honor graduate and now a full-time wholesale grocer, to underline his credo: "Somebody has to like art for what it is, not just for the artist's name."

Undrunk Martinis. Among New York City's 150-odd art galleries, Hugh Stix's Artists' Gallery is unique. Running it as a nonprofit venture, Stix reverses the traditional art dealer's one-for-the-money, two-for-the-show policy, hangs pictures and takes no commission, shows mainly unknowns, and does everything in his power to pass along his discoveries to other dealers. All the drawings in the current show were donated by grateful alumni or well-wishers to celebrate the opening of the gallery's 20th season.

Stix started his gallery in a Greenwich Village loft during the Depression. His aim was to help out artists who, then as now, were galleryless. The opening was a shock: with 500 invitations out and 72 chilled martinis and Manhattans ordered

ART

up from the bar downstairs, Stix sweated through $\frac{1}{2}$ hours before his first—and only—guest showed up. The guest turned out to be an artist wanting a show for his watercolors. But today the gallery is a must for art critics and gallery owners on the hunt for dark horses.

Successful Blizzard. Over the years, Stix has started more than 100 artists, including Adolph Gottlieb, Ben-Zion, Ad Reinhardt, James Lechay and Richard Pousette-Dart, on their ways to regular dealers. One day in 1947, a one-time clown turned waiter, Walter Philipp, showed up with armfuls of clown paintings. Stix decided to give him a try, found himself with a hit on his hands. Collectors struggled through New York City's worst blizzard to buy out the show on the first day, in the next two days came back to buy every painting. Philipp could dredge out of his studio.

But even a show that sells nothing is not a washout for Stix. Says he: "A show is a necessary part of the development of any artist. He needs to communicate." Last week Stix was developing a lot of artists: on the first day of his new show, 75 drawings were sold; by week's end only 77 were left. And to Hugh Stix's great delight, the relative unknowns were selling as well as the anonymous bignames.

STONE PROPHETS

HIgh above the sleepy Brazilian town of Congonhas do Campo (pop. 6,000) stands the small, twin-towered, white Church of Senhor Bom Jesus do Matosinhos. Last week the church was the goal of the great annual pilgrimage of Brazilian backlanders, as it has been each September since 1786. The Church of the Good Jesus has all the religious trappings of a shrine: founded by the Portuguese hermit Feliciano Mendes, and today a Redemptorist mission, it boasts the original cross used by the hermit and a wooden effigy of the Good Jesus renowned for wonder-working properties. But only in recent decades have Brazilians recognized that the church itself is a priceless part of the nation's heritage, largely because of the brooding presence of twelve soapstone prophets sculpted for the stairway (*see opposite*) by Brazil's first great sculptor, Antônio Francisco Lisbôa.

Born the son of a Portuguese carpenter and a Negro slave, Antônio Francisco grew up in the 18th century gold-rush town of Ouro Preto. There, under the harsh rule of whipping, saber-swinging Portuguese dragoons, both blacks and whites labored to sluice and pan over \$8,000,000 in gold and diamonds from the fabulous mines of Minas Gerais. Most of the gold went to the Portuguese Crown, but the little that the miners gleaned for themselves made them rich. To prove their piety, the miners embarked on a church-building spree that created some of the most handsomely rococo churches in South America. On these young Antônio Francisco worked, first as carpenter, later as architect and sculptor.

At the height of his career tragedy struck. Today most historians diagnose his disease as leprosy. As his toes and fingers began to wither, he is said to have struck several of them off in paroxysms of pain and rage. To hide his inflamed eyelids and grotesque face, he wore an engulfing hood and broad-brimmed hat. When he could no longer walk, he was carried about on the broad back of his slave Januario. To shut out the



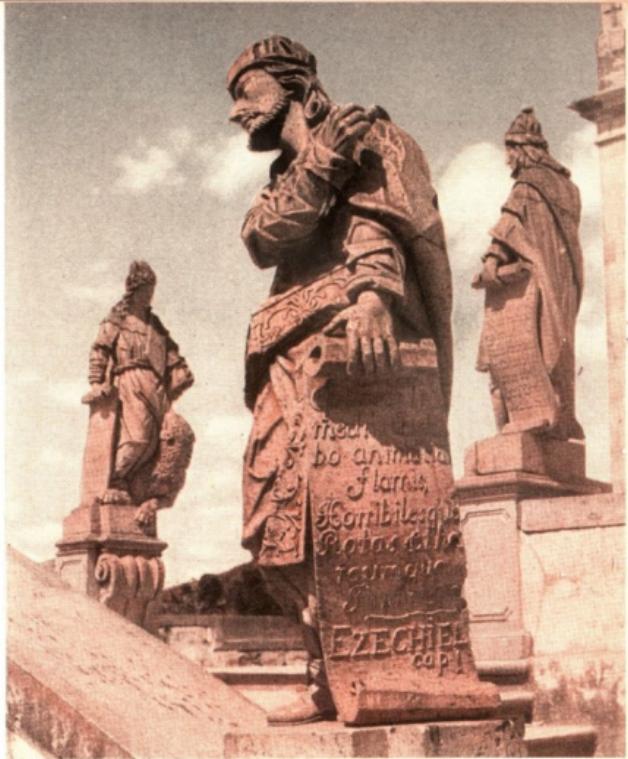
PILGRIMS BEFORE BRAZIL'S CHURCH OF BOM JESUS

world's curious, derisive stare, he rigged a tent around him as he worked. Once the governor of Minas Gerais dared stick his head inside the tent and *O Aleijadinho* (The Little Cripple, as his townsmen called him) seized his mallet and chisel and showered His Excellency with stone chips.

The disease was well advanced when *Aleijadinho* was given the commission that became his crowning life's work, decorating the Church of Bom Jesus do Matosinhos. For the stairway he chose as his subject not the curved elegance of cherubim and seraphim that had made him famous, but stern Old Testament prophets. In them he found a wrath, compassion and inspiration that matched his own. He sculpted their squat figures in bizarre oriental costumes, twisted and tormented in soapstone (which is soft when quarried, grows hard with age). Before the last one was finished, in 1805, *Aleijadinho* was working with mallet and chisel strapped to the stumps of his crippled hands. He lived on miserably until 1814. When he died, his achievement marked the high point in exuberant Brazilian rococo.



PROPHET NAHUM was carved in soapstone with scroll foretelling fall of Nineveh and destruction of all Assyria.



PROPHET'S STAIRWAY before pilgrim shrine shows Old Testament figures

in oriental garb, with Ezekiel in center, Daniel with lion, left, and Hosea, right.

Photographs by Peter Scherer



ISAIAH peers out wrathfully from under cowl. Hand points to legend telling how seraphim seared his lips with hot coal.

JONAH stands in suspended motion, like a figurehead, with eyes raised. At prophet's feet sculptor carved small whale.

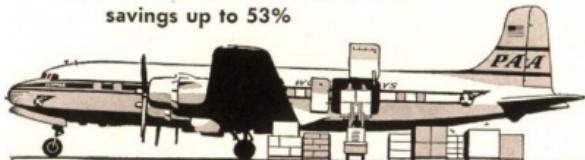


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MEDICINE

How to Fight Radicals

Los Angeles came down last week with the worst case of that chronic big-city ailment, smog. Though usually its immediate effects are only smarting eyes and sore throats, smog can have serious indirect consequences, including traffic accidents, respiratory trouble, possible (though not proved) influence on lung cancer. Scientists measure the strength of a smog bout by the amount of ozone in the air. If the ozone count ever reaches 1.5 parts per million, public health officials fear disaster. The Los Angeles smog last week reached 0.90. California's Gov-



Bruce Russell—Los Angeles Times
SEPTEMBER MORN

ernor Goodwin Knight stood ready to declare the city a disaster area, and to proclaim martial law.

The Los Angeles *Times* managed a wry smile in a cartoon that showed Paul Chabas' famed *September Morn* adapted to local conditions (*see cut*). But smog had stopped being a joke. City health officials banned use of Los Angeles' millions of backyard incinerators, except on weekend mornings. If the smog got worse, they planned to shut down all refineries, possibly halt the sale of gasoline, to stop air contamination. But scientists are not sure just how the air is contaminated. While greyed-out Los Angeles was doing battle, a Minneapolis meeting of smog fighters from all over the U.S. suggested that smog irritation may not be caused by the obviously suspect fumes from exhaust pipes and smoke stacks. The theory: combustion in power plants and all types of engines throws hundreds of tons of nitrogen oxides into the air, along with hydrocarbon compounds. The oxides absorb energy from sunlight, which enables them to turn hydrocarbon compounds into what chemists call "free radicals," i.e., fragments of molecules free to form new chemical compounds. Possible re-



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sult: rare chemicals in the air never suspected in smog.

How to fight those radicals? Los Angeles public health officials could suggest only stopgap measures: 1) see a doctor if eyes or throat are severely irritated, 2) bathe eyes with eye drops, 3) visit a friend who has air conditioning, or go to a movie, 4) relax so as to breathe less.

What Is Mental Health?

Psychologists and psychiatrists pay so much attention to mental disease that they may not know a healthy mind when they see one. Even the definitions of mental health are vague and still the subject of argument. Last week members of the American Psychological Association were pondering a positive definition of emotional health, advanced by the University of California's Dr. Frank Barron. The definition was unusual because it sounded so usual. The factors listed by Psychologist Barron as indicating good mental health might have been cited by any old-fashioned moral philosopher:

¶ Character and integrity.
¶ Intelligence. (Barron and colleagues found that neurotic patients at a psychiatric clinic had chances of successful treatment in proportion to their intelligence.)
¶ Ability to set a goal, keep it in sight, work toward it persistently and efficiently.
¶ Good judgment in appraising reality, likelihood and self-knowledge.

"For the most part it is probably a healthy thing to be rather well-behaved," added Psychologist Barron. "But there are times when it is a mark of greater health to be unruly . . . The ability to permit oneself to become disorganized is crucial to the development of a very high level of integration . . .

"The moment of health is the moment of unconscious creative synthesis, when, without thinking about it at all, we know that we make sense to ourselves and to others . . . When such simplicity amid complexity has been achieved, I think that two new and important [feelings] come into the individual's experience: 1) the feeling that one is free and that life and its outcome are in one's own hands; 2) . . . a deeper sense of relaxed participation in the present moment . . . Life ceases to be a course between birth and death, and becomes instead a fully realized experience of change . . ."

Capsules

¶ No fewer than 10,000 of the 60,000 patients in Veterans Administration neuro-psychiatric hospitals could be discharged if their families or community groups would only accept them back home, said the National Association for Mental Health. If the same ratio holds in state hospitals, 100,000 patients are being kept long after recovery.

¶ Though U.S. Public Health officials noted another minute drop in the weekly total of reported polio cases, indicating that 1955's worst is past, they were alarmed by increases in diphtheria: 237 cases in six weeks (more than half in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina).



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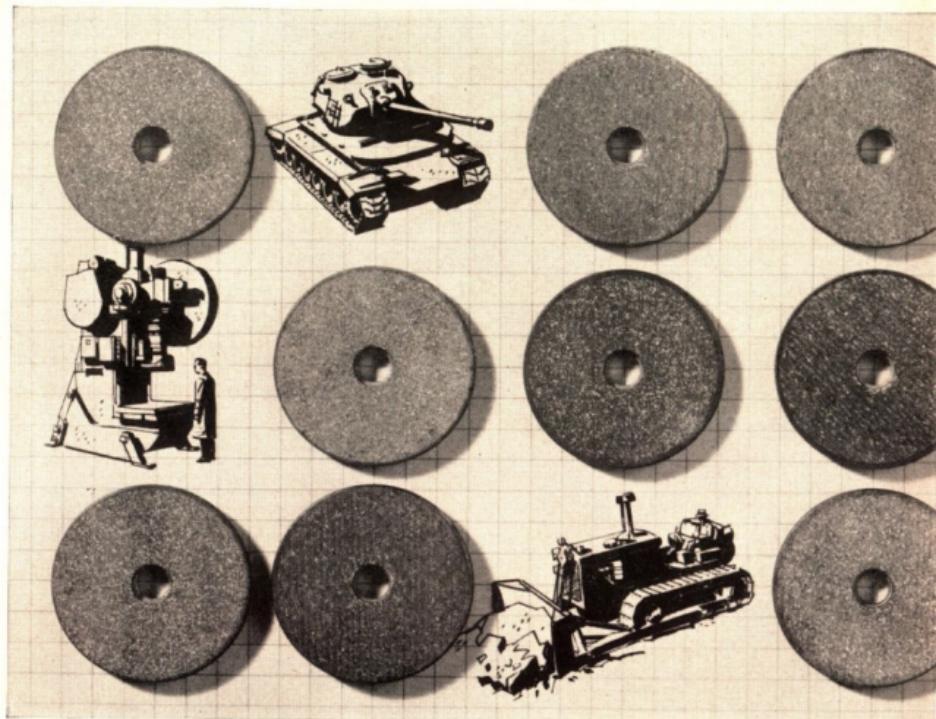
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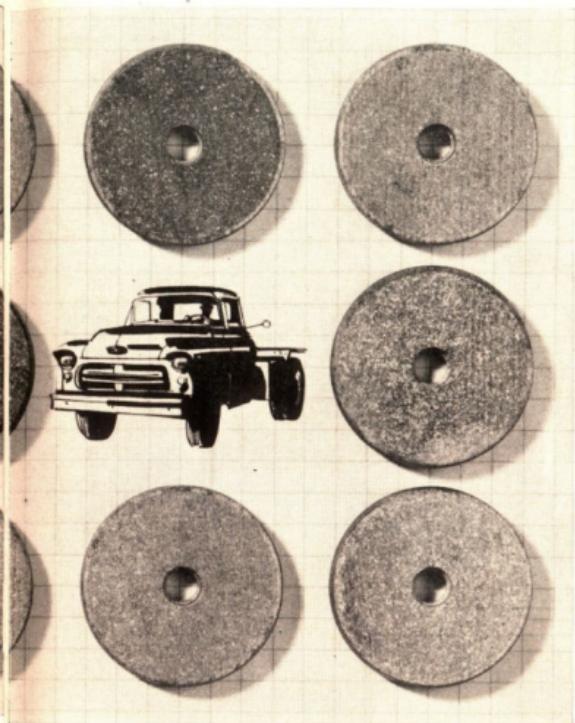
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MILESTONES

Married. Milton Eisenhower Jr., 25, Pan American Airways traffic analyst, nephew of Dwight Eisenhower, son of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of Pennsylvania State University; and Sally Ann Booth, 22, schoolteacher; in Florala, Ala.

Married. Barbara Ann Scott, 27, Canada's pert, blonde 1948 Olympic figure-skating champion, star of the Hollywood Ice Revue (1952-55); and Tommy King, 31, press agent for Chicago Stadium Sports Enterprises; she for the first time, he for the second; in Toronto, Canada.

Divorced. Thomas Franklyn (Tommy) Manville, 61, aging asbestos heir; by wife No. 9, Burlesque Queen Anita Roddy-Eden Manville, 32; after three years of marriage, three of separation, name-calling and money-haggling; in Reno.

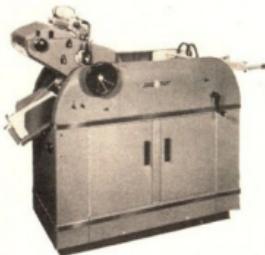
Died. Thomas Mercer Backhouse, 51, officer in charge of the war crimes section in the British Army of the Rhine in World War II, successful prosecutor in 1945 of Joseph ("The Beast of Belsen") Kramer and other Nazi operators of Belsen and Oświęcim concentration camps; of pleurisy; in Nottingham, England.

Died. Robert Butler, 58, president of St. Paul's Builders Trust Co., president of Walter Butler Shipbuilders, Inc., first U.S. Ambassador to Australia (1946-48), Ambassador to Cuba (1948-51); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Walter Riehl, 73, Austrian founder of the German National Socialist Workers' Party, which was first (1918) to use the swastika as a party emblem, was one of the splinter groups later welded by Hitler into the Nazi movement; of a heart attack; in Vienna.

Died. Leopold Stennett Amery, 81, Tory elder statesman, sometime First Lord of the Admiralty (1922-24), Colonial Secretary (1924-29), wartime Secretary of State for India and Burma under the Commonwealth (1940-45); author (*Empire and Prosperity*); in his sleep at his home; in London. India-born Amery delivered the oratorical *coup de grâce* to Chamberlain in 1940 when he quoted in the House of Commons from Oliver Cromwell: "You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing . . . In the name of God, go!" A lifelong imperialist, he lived to see his son John convicted and hanged for high treason in 1945 for broadcasting Nazi propaganda; his other son, Julian, Conservative M.P. since 1950, parachuted into occupied Albania in World War II, worked with partisans as a liaison officer.

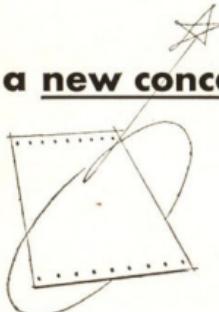
Died. Andrew Weir, Baron Inverforth, 90, British shipping (Andrew Weir Shipping & Trading Co., Ltd.) and communications tycoon, Minister of Munitions (1919-21); in London.



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Damper on the Boom

The U.S. Federal Government last week put another credit damper on the boom. From Washington went an order to the 4,200 savings and loan institutions that supply mortgage money for about 37% of the nation's houses. From now on, they must finance new mortgages out of savings and loan repayments only, not by borrowing from the Federal Home Loan Bank. Despite other attempts to slow the boom by restricting credit (TIME, Aug. 8 *et seq.*), there is little evidence that they have yet had any effect. Items:

¶ Industrial production in August hit a record 140 on the Federal Reserve Board index (1947-49 = 100), 17 points above a year ago.

¶ The Dow-Jones industrial average pushed to new high ground for three successive days on the New York Stock Exchange, set a new mark of 483.67.

¶ Construction contracts in the 37 states east of the Rockies, reported F. W. Dodge Corp., rose 20% above a year ago to a total of \$1.9 billion in August, another record for the month.

¶ The SEC and Commerce Department reported that new plant and equipment outlays would total \$7.3 billion in the final three months of this year, the best quarter of the year. The estimated 1955 total: \$27.3 billion, only 1% under record 1953.

¶ Chain-store and mail-order sales in August topped last year for the twelfth successive month. In the first eight months of 1955, they were 8.6% ahead of 1954.

OIL Quota on Imports

The 18 biggest U.S. petroleum producers were over an oil barrel last week. Defense Mobilizer Arthur S. Flemming warned them that unless oil imports are cut voluntarily, the President may slap a rigid quota on imports to protect small U.S. producers. Flemming's suggestion: the oil companies should get together and work out an industry plan to restrict imports. The oil companies, which have had more than their share of antitrust suits, were not eager to work out any scheme that would, in effect, slice up a market between them. Furthermore, they do not agree with Flemming that imports have reached a dangerous level.

The import quota was originally set by a presidential Cabinet Committee in February; at that time it was ruled that imports should not exceed the level of 1954, when they accounted for 16.6% of total U.S. production. The big companies did not agree with the Cabinet ruling, but they insist that they have held the line. They argue that it is smaller companies that have pushed up imports of crude oil to nearly 15% above the 1954 level.

This has frightened some independent domestic producers and the coal industry, which have put pressure on Flemming to cut imports now. They argue that foreign oil will cut U.S. production, make America dependent on overseas supplies in wartime, slow the hunt for more oil reserves in the continental U.S. and put other fuel suppliers, *e.g.*, coal-mine operators, out of business. Those in favor of oil imports argue that U.S. production is using up oil reserves that would be needed in wartime. In any case U.S. production is up 5% this year despite increased imports.

But the most important split over imports lies in the argument over world trade. If the U.S. slaps a tough quota on oil imports, the economy of other nations, such as Venezuela, will be permanently damaged. Not only will the U.S. lose a strong ally and a source of the petroleum that its industrial society desperately needs, it will also lose a good customer. Venezuela sold \$120 million worth of oil to the U.S. last year, but bought \$900 million worth of goods in return.

Said one confused and angry oilman: "We've got to have foreign supplies of oil, and the Administration tells us to invest our money abroad, in line with its world-trade expansion program. So we do, and this happens. What do we do now?"

CORPORATIONS

The Mighty Pen

When 25-year-old Patrick Joseph Frawley Jr. went into the ball-point-pen business in 1949, he could not have picked a worse time. The market was flooded with pens; bankers warned against writing checks with them (forgers could literally



PAPER-MATE'S FRAWLEY
Broke the banks.

pick up a transfer of a signature); school-teachers banned them; and retailers were swamped with complaints. But Pat Frawley was full of confidence—and with good reason. At 16 he was a salesman for his father's export-import business in Nicaragua; at 18 he negotiated a \$300,000 deal between Panama and U.S. Rubber. At 23 he built a flourishing export-import business in San Francisco.

While he ran his San Francisco business with one hand, Frawley began to sell ball-point pens, made by a Los Angeles aircraft-parts manufacturer, with the other. Before long, the manufacturer could not keep up with sales of the inexpensive (79¢) pen, which wrote well and did not leak. Frawley bought him out for \$18,000, rented a factory for \$450 a month and started manufacturing Paper-Mate pens. To solve the problem of fading and transferable ink, he used a new ink that a Hungarian chemist mixed in a makeshift home lab. Frawley's first selling coup was to talk two banks into cashing checks written with his pens. Then Frawley started a big advertising campaign to plug the only pens with "bankers' approval." By using high-pressure selling in stores, bright, eye-catching counter displays, and full-page newspaper advertisements, he sold Paper-Mates when other pens could not be given away.

In 1951 Frawley sold 4,000,000 pens and decided to invade the tough New York market. Twenty-two high-pressure salesmen visited 2,400 stores in six weeks. They wrote on retailers' shirts, promised a new \$15 shirt if the ink did not wash out. His salesmen gave pens to school principals, won their approval and then advertised it. In the first year he spent \$30,000 for advertising. This year Paper-

Oil: Daily Demand

(Five-year averages) Millions of barrels



Mate is spending \$5,000,000. As a result, sales climbed from \$360,000 to an estimated \$26 million for 1955. In six years Frawley sold 51 million pens, captured 80% of the ball-point-pen market, and made Paper-Mate one of the largest U.S. pen manufacturers.

Last week Pat Frawley cashed in on his penmanship. He sold his company to the Gillette Co. for \$15.5 million in cash. After he pays the capital-gains tax, Pat Frawley will have \$11.4 million left for his six years' work. Gillette bought the company in line with its policy of diversifying into home permanent kits, shampoo and lipstick, in addition to blades. Hired to run Gillette's new ball-point-pen division: Pat Frawley, 31.

MANAGEMENT

The Scanlon Plan

The most sought-after labor-relations adviser in the U.S. today is Joe Scanlon, 56, onetime prizefighter, open-hearth tender, steel company cost accountant, union local president and now lecturer in industrial relations at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Wearing an open-neck sport shirt and studding his shop lingo with four-letter words, Joe Scanlon looks and sounds like anything but what he is: a fervent evangelist for the mutual interests of labor and management, who knows how to sell the idea to both sides. His selling device: the Scanlon Plan, designed to 1) cut the worker in on the adventure, the decisions and the profits of increased production, and 2) help management tap the ingenuity of employees as a means of improving production.



James F. Coyne

JOE SCANLON
Booted the brother-in-law.

Scanlon's way is actually less a formal plan than an approach, with three constant ingredients. First, the union and management in the plant fix a productivity "norm," and the working force is promised a bonus out of the savings the workers can effect by producing at a lower cost per unit. Unlike many other incentive plans, the Scanlon Plan is noncompetitive, does not throw the plant wage structure out of balance, and unites the men on a common goal instead of pitting

them against each other. The second ingredient is a system of production councils in which union and management attack production costs. But the most important ingredient of all is Joe Scanlon himself, who learned about production from the bottom up.

Company to Union. The son of Irish immigrants, Joe Scanlon finished a hitch in the Navy in the early '20s and went to work as a cost accountant in a small Ohio steel company, since absorbed by giant Republic Steel. Later he quit to tend an open hearth, became a volunteer union organizer when the C.I.O. Steelworkers' Organizing Committee was formed in 1936. Scanlon believed that workers could help improve production if they had an incentive to do so.

In 1938 there was an incentive, Scanlon was president of his Steelworkers' local when management told him that if the plant could not do better, it would be shut down. Scanlon took the company executives to the C.I.O. steel headquarters in Pittsburgh and there worked out a union-management productivity plan. It not only rescued the plant but put it on a profitable basis. For example, one suggestion by the union production committee cost \$8,000 in new equipment but saved the plant \$150,000 in one year. Impressed, Phil Murray's Steelworkers put Scanlon to work in the head office to doctor other sick companies.

The Prototype. In 1945 Scanlon for the first time took the bits and pieces of what he had tried out in dozens of companies and put them together at the Adamson Co. of East Palestine, Ohio, a small maker of welded steel tanks. Com-

TIME CLOCK

ANTITRUST PROBE of General Motors will be made by West Virginia Democrat Harley Kilgore's Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee. Kilgore has no specific complaint against G.M., but will study it as a case history of big business.

PAKISTAN OIL DEAL will give Nelson Bunker Hunt, 29-year-old son of Texas Oilman H. L. Hunt, exclusive drilling rights in two 10,000-square-mile tracts. Hunt and Pakistan agreed to put a maximum of \$42 million in exploration and development, of which Hunt will put up three-fourths, Pakistan one-fourth.

COPPER SQUEEZE will be eased temporarily by diversion to industry of 11,000 tons earmarked for U.S. stockpiles. Defense industries and flood-damaged users in New England will be given priority on the copper.

NEW MANAGEMENT TEAM will be running Minneapolis-Moline Co., No. 7 farm-equipment maker, which was in the red last year. When White Motor Co. Executive Vice President Edward Reddig, spokesman for insurance stockholders, showed that the

raiders held more than 50% of proxies, the old management caved in, gave the rebels seven of ten director seats.

COCA-COLA will bubble its way into yet another foreign market: Japan. In order to get past the opposition of Japanese soft-drink makers, Coca-Cola agreed to turn over to Japanese businessmen its bottling plants built to supply American troops, limit distribution of Cokes to big-city bars and other spots frequented by foreigners.

AERIAL BUS will be built by ex-T.W.A. President Jack Frye in hopes of finding the long-sought-for replacement to the Douglas DC-3. Frye's projected high-wing, four-engine F-1 will probably be built by a European company, sell for \$350,000, haul five tons of cargo or 50 passengers at an aerial snail's pace (150 m.p.h.) but be able to use a very short runway.

TITANIUM, once boomed as a wonder metal, is going begging. Demand is so low (8,000 tons yearly, v. industry capacity of 22,500 tons) that the Office of Defense Mobilization has curbed expansion of production by withholding aid, e.g., fast tax write-

offs, for titanium plants. As a result, Du Pont will change plans for making titanium in Tennessee.

CHRYSLER COMEBACK will be pushed by one of the biggest expansion programs in auto history. President L. L. Colbert said that the company lost sales in 1955 because it was "not geared" to produce enough. So it will add seven regional plants and expand Detroit production over a ten-year period.

NEW COAL GIANT will be created by the merger of Cyrus Eaton's West Kentucky Coal Co. with the Nashville Coal Co. West Kentucky will pay \$16 million for Nashville, thus become the nation's No. 3 independent coal producer after Pittsburgh Consolidation and Peabody Coal.

FORDS FOR '56 will be lower (down 1 in. for two- and four-door sedans), and higher-powered but little changed in appearance. Higher-priced models will have the Thunderbird Y-8 motor (up to 202 h.p.). Thunderbird production has topped 16,000 in its first year, 25% more than Ford anticipated, but still less than demand.

WANTED: NEW INDUSTRY

The Welcome Mat Is Out Coast to Coast

IN the wake of the recent disastrous floods in New England, Connecticut's Governor Abraham A. Ribicoff loudly denounced as "ghoulish" reported attempts to lure hard-hit industries to the flood-free South. Actually, no industries have left the state as a result of the floods. But his suspicions were understandable. With industry spending a record \$27.3 billion on expansion this year, almost every state, county and city in the nation is hungrily trying to lure new industries. Says Victor Roters, area development chief for the U.S. Commerce Department: "Competition to get new industry has never been rougher."

To get new plants and payrolls, all but three states (Texas, California and New Mexico) have set up agencies to bring in new companies. In addition, railroads, utility companies, banks and other private organizations are bidding aggressively for new plants. Chambers of Commerce and other promotional groups in more than 5,000 communities are wooing industrial prospects. In more than 700 localities, industrial development corporations will finance an incoming company's land and buildings; cities in eleven states are allowed by law to issue revenue bonds to lure industry with free or low-cost plants. Moreover, taxes on new industries may be scaled down or waived in some states for as long as ten years.

However costly the bait, the industrial fishermen think that the catch is worth it. New payrolls broaden the tax base, raise per capita income and, in turn, attract more industry to diversify and stabilize employment. For example, in Los Angeles County, 1,576 highly diversified plants (total investment: \$500 million) have opened their doors since 1945. As a result, Los Angeles has easily been able to weather such economic setbacks as the citrus slump and the sharp postwar cutbacks in the aircraft industry. In ten years, the Cleveland area has brought in more than 200,000 new jobs and \$2.8 billion in new and expanded plants, almost entirely as a result of hard-hitting promotion by customer-hungry Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.

Smaller cities have also had spectacular success in attracting payrolls. In Tyler, Texas, where an industrial foundation supported by local businessmen will build a plant to a newcomer's specifications, and rent or sell it back to him at going rates, 40 new industries have moved in within ten years. In Scranton, Pa., a city development commission has rallied more

than 3,400 investors who have contributed \$3,500,000 to build more than 25 plants that have added \$23 million in new paychecks. In traditionally low-income areas, e.g., Mississippi, where generous inducements have been offered industry since 1936, 99 new plants have been built in five years with the aid of municipal bond issues.

But many industrially attractive areas have found that giveaway gimmicks are not needed to attract sound companies. New England, which lost more than a quarter-million textile jobs to other areas in 34 years, is recouping its losses with new industry, e.g., electronics, by plugging such assets as a pool of skilled labor and top research facilities, notably at M.I.T. and the American Research and Development Corp. Tax concessions to industry are even regarded as a bad policy by many experts. Leo Prince, executive vice president of the Association of State Planning and Development Agencies, warned last week that if tax-cutting "spreads too much, every state would have to allow it simply to protect itself. Eventually, the tax base on industry would be destroyed." Many development officials are well aware that excessive bonuses can boomerang, since they tend to attract foot-loose, fly-by-night industries rather than companies that can afford to pay for expansion. In Tennessee, a committee of top businessmen is now required by law to screen each industrial prospect before a city may vote bonds to buy the plant site. More and more cities are spending promotion budgets for market research and development of well-planned industrial districts. They recognize that most companies are not interested in short-range giveaway deals but in the long-range possibilities of a new site, such as accessibility to raw materials and markets.

Employers are also increasingly concerned with the kind of communities into which they are moving. For example, Sylvania Electric Products surveys the "potential intelligence" of a community, and its ability to provide for expanded schools, libraries, roads and sewage plants. Said Rayonier Inc. Executive Vice President James T. Sheeby last week: "Obtaining a big, new industry . . . sometimes means a sacrifice for a community. The community also has some responsibilities. It's up to the community to decide whether it's worth it." Cities that are prepared to offer sound, long-term inducements to industry have found that the new payrolls are worth it, and that the companies need no subsidies.

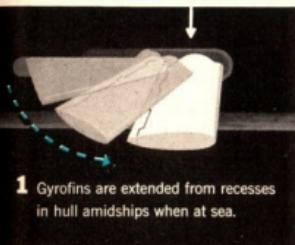
plained Owner Cecil Adamson: "I give the union everything it asks for. But still the shop isn't working well. Let's get together and work out something so that you'll get something and I'll get something." Joe went into the plant, checked the books, and determined a "normal" labor cost per unit. He then set up a system for a 50-50 split of the savings the workers made by producing at less than normal cost.

Soon the new joint union-management was flooded with workers' suggestions. Welders who had stood around waiting for materials began helping to unload. Workers formerly indifferent to substandard work turned out by slackers began raising Cain; it cut down their bonus. Employees and executives became a team working toward a mutual goal. After a year, the Adamson Co. was five times as profitable as in the old days; even after sharing the productivity savings 50-50, management still reaped twice as much income. As for the workers, a union veteran of many picket lines told Scanlon: "Joe, I can't fight here. I'd be fighting myself."

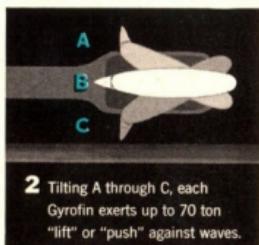
The next year, Scanlon moved into the Lapointe Machine Tool Co. of Hudson, Mass., then on the verge of a strike. Within 20 months its production was up 61%. Said a National Planning Association report on Lapointe meetings on joint production problems: "An outsider has difficulty distinguishing management from union."

The Success. While the plan had worked with troubled companies, how would it work in a successful one? The test came at the Parker Pen Co. of Janesville, Wis. A progressive firm, Parker had an intelligent management and union, a standard incentive system, a new retirement plan, a sleekly modern, air-conditioned plant with such production aids as piped-in music for its workers. Nevertheless, the company found that even a good incentive plan made trouble. Some men in low-paying jobs were taking home more pay than the men in highly skilled divisions.

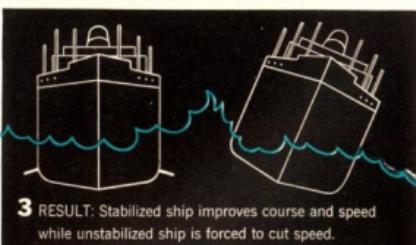
Invited to come in and help, Scanlon pithed out the old-style incentive system, which promoted individual effort at the expense of the group. He spent days with the finance and accounting people—whose role he considers vital—and devised a productivity norm. In Parker's case, it was the fiscal year March 1953 through February 1954. He then arranged that the savings on output made at less than the costs of the base year figure (as measured by sales value) should go into a bonus pool. A fourth of the pool money was automatically set aside as a reserve fund to be paid out in the break-even or deficit months when no bonus was earned. The rest of the melon—made up of increased value through productivity savings—was split; labor got a whopping 75%, management 25%. The first month's bonus, paid in September 1954, amounted to \$43,109, a 13.8% wage increase. In January, the pen and pencil industry's seasonal low point, the workers failed to earn a bonus,



1 Gyrofins are extended from recesses in hull amidships when at sea.



2 Tilting A through C, each Gyrofin exerts up to 70 ton "lift" or "push" against waves.



3 RESULT: Stabilized ship improves course and speed while unstabilized ship is forced to cut speed.

FOLDING FINS TO TAME ROUGH SEAS

Stabilizer Cuts Ship's Roll Up to 90%

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

"Now I'd like to take a cruise more than ever!"

■ That, probably, was the reaction of most people when radio, television and the nation's press announced recently an effective way of taming rough seas. But to shipowners and shipping men the announcement meant more than passenger comfort alone. It offered substantial savings — by reducing damage to ships and cargoes, by improving course and speed in heavy weather thus saving fuel and time between ports.

To understand how the Sperry Gyrofin® Ship Stabilizer is able to tame mountainous seas and eliminate up to 90% of the former roll, take another look at the illustrations above. The hydrofoil-type fins are constantly positioned to exert anti-roll forces of precision magnitude and timing. Controlled by sensing devices that anticipate each roll of the ship, one fin literally "pushes down" while the other "lifts up"—and even the biggest wave is subdued!

■ In bringing this development to the maritime trade, Sperry engaged the hydrodynamic experience and shipbuild-

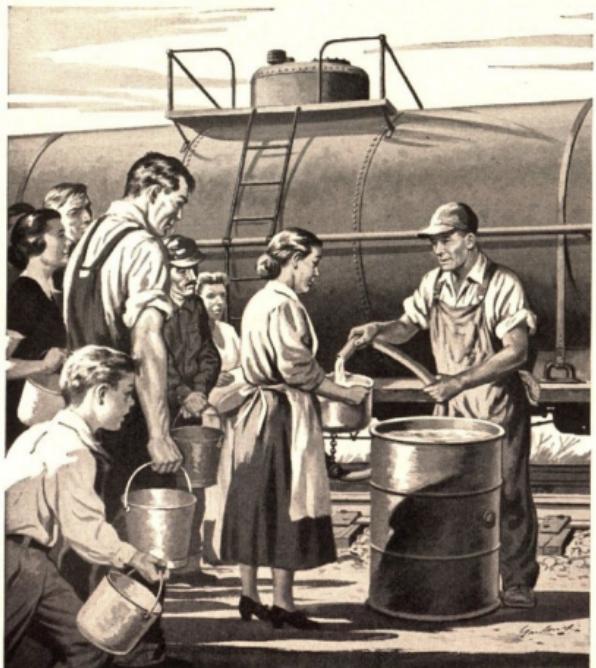
ing facilities of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. And many highly specialized Sperry skills were combined to make this development possible. The sensitive controls, for example, result from Sperry's vast experience in designing gyroscopic and electronic systems — the enormous power from Sperry's knowledge of hydraulic and servo systems.

■ These combined skills have also been responsible for many of our nation's most effective weapons of defense and for the most advanced instrumentation for ships of the sky and of the sea. *

SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY

Great Neck, New York

DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION



**how do you want your water
... tap or tank car?**

Only last year there were drought-stricken American towns that watched tank cars roll in with a precious cargo — water!

It could happen to you.

Family consumption is over 22 billion tons of water yearly. New industrial techniques account for many billions more. Yet the same American ingenuity that cries, "Water, more water" can not add a drop to the rainfall that assures it.

In short, we Americans no longer can take water for granted.

Do your part to conserve our cheapest yet most valuable natural resource. Cooperate fully with your water officials. Support the forward-looking water projects they propose. They'll assure you the plentiful, uninterrupted water supply you'll need for the future.

WATER, your priceless heritage . . .
use it . . . enjoy it . . . protect it with

CAST IRON PIPE

A small, dark, irregularly shaped insect larva or pupa attached to a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a plant stem.

**Man's Most Dependable Carrier
of Water — Cast Iron Pipe.**

This cast iron water main laid in St. Louis in 1831 still serves. Modernized cast iron pipe, centrifugally cast, is even tougher, stronger. Cast iron's proved record of long, trouble-free service saves your tax dollars. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

but it was the only month they missed (payments from the reserve pool are made only at year's end). They earned a peak 27.1% over their wages in September.

During the year, the eight joint production committees (one in each major department) and the 17-man overall "screening committee" (nine workers, eight executives) considered 400 employee suggestions, an average of one for every two workers, and adopted some 240.

Last week, as the plan began its second year, Parker Operations Vice President Philip Hull announced: "I'm a convinced Scanlon Plan adherent."

The Agreement. The plan is now working in some 60 plants from furniture to steel, where profits were excellent and where they were nonexistent, where labor relations were good and where they were bad, where labor productivity was easy to measure and where it was virtually impossible. But the plan cannot operate without the whole-hearted agreement of both management and unions. It requires a strong union, able to guarantee the support of its members. It also requires a management willing to open its books and innermost production secrets to union members. And the plan demands a sense of management-union cooperation that is often most lacking in the plants that most need Scanlon's help.

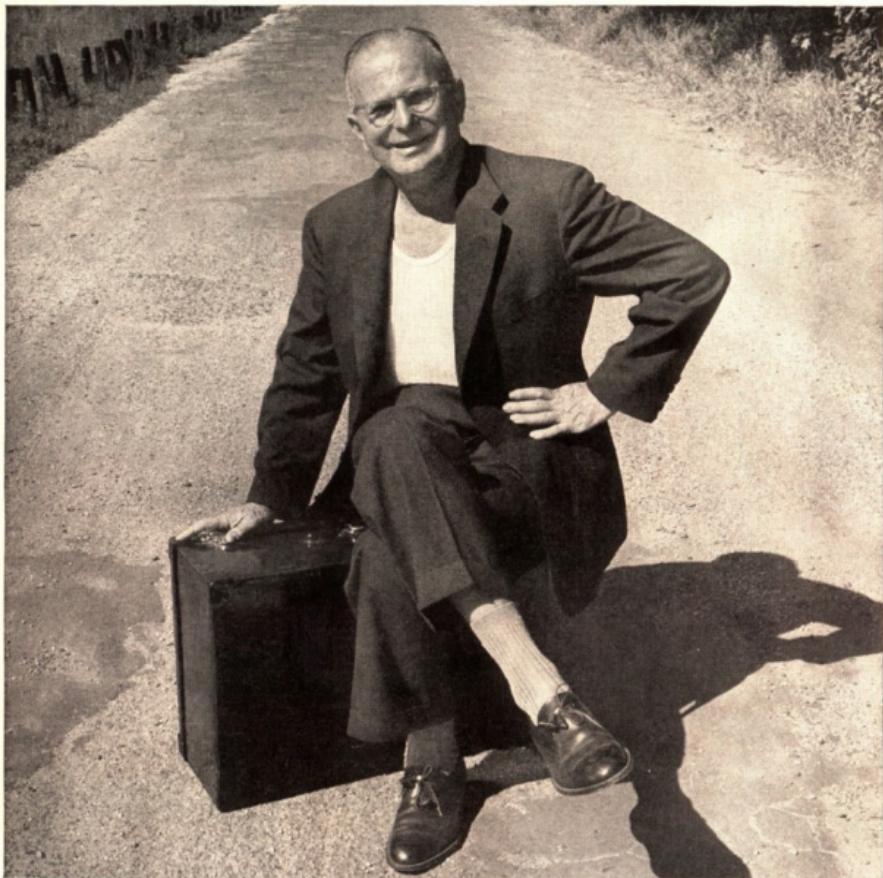
Scanlon refused even to try unless he is convinced that the two sides will work together. Once, in desperation, the union and management of a deeply troubled plant arrived in Scanlon's office and announced they were all ready to try out his plan. Scanlon looked at the glowering men arrayed on both sides, each with a watchful lawyer, and said: "Yeah, you're all set, both of you—to get the hell out of here."

Rough on Clients. Scanlon bullies his clients and lays down the law, once told an executive: "You'll probably have to fire every foreman you've got working for you." Another time, when a company head came in with his troubles, Scanlon roared: "Why in hell did you put your brother-in-law in that job? That'll have to be changed."

Despite Scanlon's brusque ways, the companies who have tried his plan are sold on it. Said President Lee Beckwith of the Market Forge Co. of Everett, Mass., a Scanlon plant since 1947: "Maybe it isn't the Utopia that some people try to make it, but it has been a fine thing. If for any reason we ever had to drop it, the boys in the plant would be very unhappy and so would I." The vice president of an Illinois company was even more enthusiastic: "As far as I'm concerned, Joe has the answer to the future for American free-enterprise capitalism."

The Bill for Ward's

Montgomery Ward Chairman John Barr last week reported the cost of the proxy fight to repel Raider Louis Wolfson. The bill: \$692,250. The cost of the fight, plus a change in the method of computing the corporation's tax caused by a tax law change, cut the company's net for the first



Sylvan Geismar, Executive Vice-President of the Manhattan Shirt Company, tells you

"How to lose your shirt on the road!"

"On October 4th, our salesmen take to the road in the annual race for Spring orders. And it's a tough race. If every sample isn't up-to-the-minute in style, we can lose our shirt!

"But we keep our Manhattan and Lady Manhattan salesmen out in front — with Air Express!

"As trends unfold, we deliver the newest shirt-styles to

our men in a few hours. When hot items sell out, we fill buyers' re-orders just as fast! Air Express is indispensable in maintaining our leadership with our retail accounts.

"Yet we save money on most of our Air Express shipments! A 15-lb. shipment from New York to Milwaukee, Wisc., for instance, costs \$5.15. That's the lowest-priced complete service by \$1.85!"



Air Express

GETS THERE FIRST via U.S. Scheduled Airlines

CALL AIR EXPRESS . . . division of RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

**AGAIN! FOR
THE 7TH YEAR
... THE
FAVORITE**



Once more Titleist leads all other balls as the *choice* of the Pros in the Big Money Tournaments of 1955.

In the Masters', the Women's Open, the National Open and the National P. G. A., as well as in 19 other major tournaments, more Titleists were played than any other ball.

What better ball could there be for you than the ball chosen by those who know golf best?

**ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS**

*Sold the world over through
Golf Course Pro Shops only*

Ask your Pro to specify the Acushnet best suited to your game

six months to \$11,771,690, a 5% drop under 1954, despite a \$22 million rise in sales. But Barr also had some good news. The company plans to open 100 new catalogue-order offices by the end of next year, the first sizable Ward expansion in 15 years. From Miami, Board Member Wolfson graciously complimented Chairman Barr on the job he is doing, added that he would decide in the next six months whether to continue on the board as a minority member, or resign.

INDUSTRY

The Cinderella Trees

In Camas, Wash. last week, Crown Zellerbach Corp.'s Executive Vice President Harold L. Zellerbach picked up a gold-painted shovel and patted rain-soaked earth around the base of a newly-planted western hemlock. With this symbolic gesture, he dedicated the company's new three-story \$600,000 central research laboratory building. Said Zellerbach: "Three decades ago, the western hemlock was considered little more than a forest weed. Then research scientists and wood technicians unlocked some of its secrets, and the western hemlock emerged as a Cinderella tree. It has become one of the finest sources of fibers for papermaking."

Crown Zellerbach, which hopes that research done in its new lab will turn up more Cinderellas in the forest, is not the only company trying to find new products from the more than 50% of a tree now wasted. Almost every month new products come out of the laboratories of lumber and paper companies. Among them: **¶** Dimethyl sulfide, once an evil-smelling waste left behind in kraft-papermaking, is being used to give an odor to natural gas, which otherwise could seep through a house without being detected. Scientists think they may also be able to use the chemical as a starting material for making a permanent anti-freeze.

¶ Conidendrol, a compound that Crown Zellerbach gets from hemlock wastes, retards oxidation, is being tested for use in oils, foods, rubber and other substances.

¶ Plastinal, a flooring compound that Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. processes out of Douglas fir bark, flows like cement, then hardens, can be nailed like wood.

¶ Silvaloy, a wood waste product originated by Weyerhaeuser, can be blown into almost any shape, is being used to make children's furniture, bowling pins, toilet seats.

Aluminum's No. 5

The select group of four U.S. aluminum producers—Alcoa, Reynolds Metals, Kaiser and Anaconda—last week was joined by a fifth, the Harvey Machine Co. of Torrance, Calif. President Leo Harvey, who claims to be the biggest independent U.S. aluminum fabricator and has long wanted to produce his own raw material, signed a deal with the Government to build a \$65 million, 54,000-ton-a-year aluminum plant at The Dalles, Ore.

Harvey had to swim through a sea of trouble to get the okay for his new plant.



ZELLERBACH & WESTERN, HEMLOCK
One for the papers.

He first tried to join the primary producers in 1951, with the help of a \$46 million federal loan. But when Columnist Drew Pearson dug up a scandal involving faulty ammunition allegedly made by Harvey in World War II (TIME, Oct. 1, 1951), the Government withdrew the loan, even though the charge was never proved. The Montana plant site and power supply that Harvey had lined up were taken over by Anaconda Aluminum Co., which opened a 60,000-ton plant there last month.

In 1953 the Government, anxious to increase U.S. aluminum capacity without building the Big Three still bigger, decid-



Will Green—Graphic House
HARVEY'S HARVEY
Three strikes and in.

"You fellows must get a kick out of building atomic submarines."



"Right—Electric Boat's quite a place to work—has a good group plan, too!"

ELECTRIC BOAT DIVISION of General Dynamics Corporation, builder of the first atomic-powered submarines, features a plan of group insurance with Connecticut General as part of its employee relations program. This plan includes Life, Accident, Sickness and Hospital benefits.

THIS PROTECTION helps relieve employees of financial worry . . . and so helps free their minds for greater concentration on their work. It improves the working climate, helps employees function better on the job.

THROUGH RESEARCH and experience in employee relations, we have developed a service, called B.E.U., to achieve Better Employee Understanding of group insurance. Employee understanding is essential if the employer is to realize the fullest return on his investment in group insurance benefits.

LIKE TO LEARN HOW to get the most out of *your* group insurance investment? Just ask our local office or your general insurance man about B.E.U. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Connecticut General

- GROUP INSURANCE
- PENSION PLANS
- HEALTH
- ACCIDENT
- LIFE

THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN



The lion had his hands full fighting a wild bull, so he called on his friend the dolphin who came racing in to the rescue.

But once on land, the dolphin was as helpless as a fish out of water—could barely flop his way back to safety in the sea.

Aesop, of course, used this story a long time ago to say that when you need help be sure you ask someone both willing and able to give it.

We're using the story again because it still makes a lot of sense—especially in this business of investing.

Time after time, we come across people who call on the butcher, the baker—nearly anybody but a broker—for the investment help they need. Time after time, we see people buying stocks on the say-so of friends—or worse still—the passing remarks of a stranger. And that just doesn't make sense.

If you want to invest . . .

If you want up-to-date facts about certain stocks . . .

Or, if you want a seasoned appraisal of all those you own—

Take Aesop's advice and go to a broker. You'll find yourself on solid ground with any member firm of the New York Stock Exchange—including ours.

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 107 Cities



U.S. PAVILION AT STOCKHOLM FAIR
From Djakarta to the Danube, host to the most.

ed to try Harvey again. The General Services Administration gave Harvey a letter of intent, offering the company federal help in building a plant at The Dalles. Harvey went ahead and bought 500 acres for a plant site. Then new trouble boiled up. Harvey had been planning to supply the plant with electric power from the federal Bonneville Power Administration. But an argument arose over who was to pay the \$2,058,000 cost of transmission lines, and the deal was shelved.

Last week Harvey agreed to pay for the lines itself. In return, GSA-agreed to give Harvey financial help with the plant in the form of federal loan guarantees, fast tax write-offs and a Government promise to pay in advance for as much as 155,000 tons of aluminum.

FOREIGN TRADE

Off to the Fair

In their first appearance at Vienna's International Trade Fair last week, U.S. manufacturers waltzed off with the show. Serenaded by electric organ and jukebox music, more than 200,000 Viennese were guided around the U.S. pavilion by 18 pretty English-speaking hostesses, stared wide-eyed at exhibits by 77 manufacturers, e.g., Kelvinator's fully equipped kitchen, illustrating every facet of American life. Outside, visitors lined up for free trips on a Bell helicopter, which caused as much stir as a space ship.

By contrast, the Viennese showed little enthusiasm for Russia's permanent pavilion, stuffed with dowdy furs, and autos patterned after outmoded U.S. styles. Applauded Vienna's *Das Kleine Volksblatt*: "The Americans stole the show. They show us how we could live if we had plenty of money. But they do it in a way that makes us forget we do not have it."

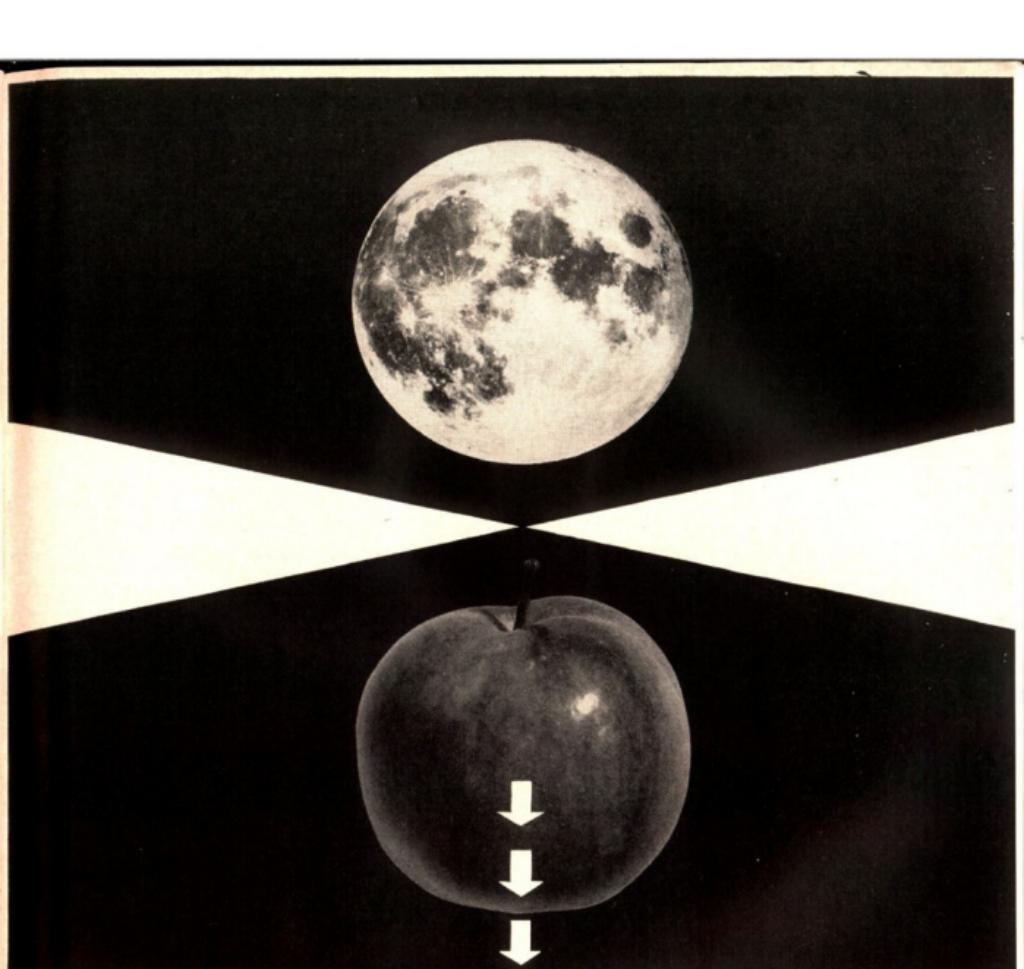
Indonesia to Italy. The U.S. debut on the Danube followed a similar success a fortnight ago in Stockholm. There, the prize U.S. attraction was a handsomely furnished, California-style model home,

filled with 370 appliances. Last week Yankee salesmanship was also proving just as effective at Djakarta's Indonesian International Fair. More than 30,000 visitors a day poured through the gates to see the first TV show ever broadcast in Indonesia. The U.S. exhibit, from an aqua-green Thunderbird to an automatic voting machine on which visitors registered their favorite products, easily outdazzled competition from Red China, even though its display of heavy equipment included machinery made in satellite Europe.

From Indonesia to Italy this month, the U.S. will show its wares and way of life in seven fairs, in accordance with a program blueprinted a year ago by President Eisenhower. Alarmed that Russia had peddled its goods at 133 fairs in four years, while U.S. exhibitors stayed home, the President obtained a \$5,000,000 grant last year from Congress to put the U.S. on the world fair circuit. The aim: build world trade and good will. In its first year, the program did both: more than 12,000,000 visitors in 15 countries gained an insight into how Americans live, while 25,000 trade inquiries were received from foreign businessmen.

Double or Bust. The program, although Government-directed, was made possible only with the cooperation of 1,000 companies. They have lent nearly \$900,000 worth of products, sent top executives off to teach businessmen overseas how to sell to the U.S. Reflecting support from all segments of the economy, the U.S. next month at New Delhi will show the biggest atoms-for-peace exhibit ever assembled, in November will spread a model farm over 175 acres outside Addis Ababa.

Reaction abroad is summed up in a cable sent Fair Director Roy F. Williams from the Salomika Fair in Greece this month: "Attendance 52,000 our exhibit. Total fair attendance 52,000." In the program's second year, with more exhibits than ever and bookings at 18 fairs, Showman Williams predicts: "We'll double last year's attendance or bust."



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search—exciting new long-range developments have created exceptional opportunities at Martin on projects of the highest priority and importance.

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CINEMA

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The New Pictures

The Kentuckian [Hecht-Lancaster; United Artists] strikes a note, pitched somewhere between a 59¢ moose call and a classic eclogue, that might suitably be called "Hollywood pastoral." It is rousing, but it has touches of poetry, too.

The year is 1820. A boy (Donald McDonald) and his father (Burt Lancaster) set their feet on the long way west from Kentucky to Texas. First town they come to, Paw gets himself in trouble with the sheriff and lands in the local stockade, but a bondslave (Dianne Foster), who has mysteriously acquired a henna rinse, sets him free. In gratitude, plainly mixed with motives that make better box office, Burt buys up her indenture with his

western—all the bang-bang and fistic shindy—is merged in the green world of quiet woods and early custom, like a shiny, store-bought, backwoods still that has been tenderly overgrown by young birch and honeysuckle.

At one point, for instance, the hero leisurely lies his length in a lone copse and listens to the belling of his houn' dawg on the ridge. "Sweet music, ain't it, son?" he sighs. "Too purty for a body to stand, a'most." the boy agrees. Out of such moments, too, grows a sense of the attachment between father and son, and in the end, it is this relationship, and not the sappy love affairs, that is important.

The good script, moreover, has had good direction, and the credit goes to Actor Lancaster. In his first attempt to



BURT LANCASTER, DIANNE FOSTER, DONALD McDONALD & FARO
From the raw yarn to the warm homespun.

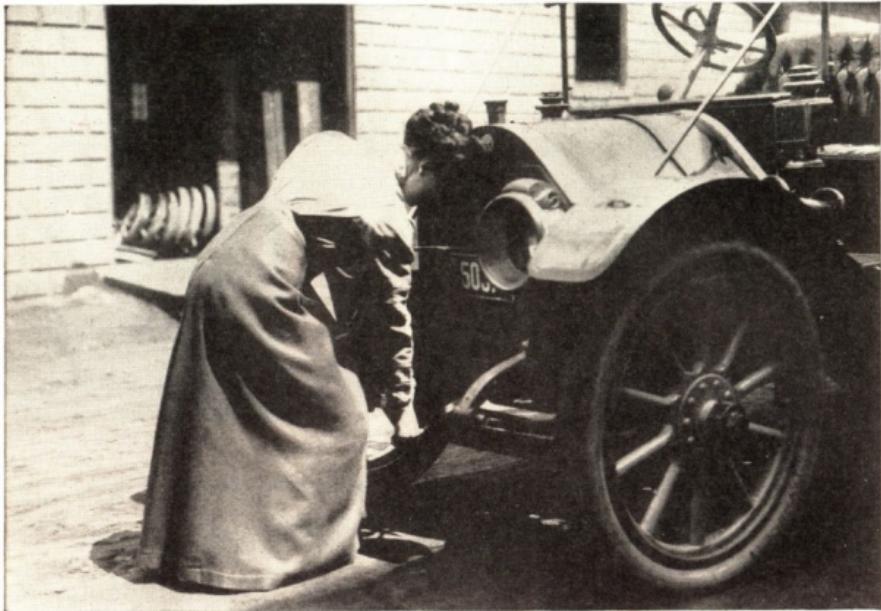
"Texas money" and takes her along to fry his taters.

Next town they come to, Burt goes to work and soon has his money back in pocket. But by that time he has something else (Diana Lynn) in prospect, almost as hot as Texas and not nearly so flat. She's a schoolmarm, and she plays him mountain music on what sounds like a clavichord. Poor slavey—she's got more sex than teacher, but what good is sex, she asks herself ruefully, against a clavichord? Silly girl. The hero soon enough succumbs to manifest destiny.

The beauty of *The Kentuckian* is not in the raw yarn, but in the loving country touch with which it was homespun. The script, taken from *The Gabriel Horn*, a novel by Felix Holt, was put together by A. B. Guthrie Jr., who has published, in *The Big Sky* and *The Way West*, two excellent books on the winning of the West. By his skillful doing, the wheezy conventional apparatus of the Hollywood

run a whole show, he demonstrates a refreshing preference for natural setting—many a western looks as if it was shot on the back lot of a drive-in barbecue—and a remarkably pretty wit. Furthermore, Lancaster directs himself with more sense for his own limits than most other directors have shown, and he gets an appealing, unaffected performance out of the boy who plays his son. But the best actor in the film, and no shame to his colleagues, is one called Faro. He is one of the rarest sights on any screen: just plain dog.

The African Lion [Disney: Buena Vista], the third of Walt Disney's full-length True-Life Adventures, does not sing a song of biology as stirringly as *The Living Desert*, but it is still one of the best movies ever made about Africa. With able use of the telephoto lens, along with plenty of patient scrounging around in the underbrush, Cameraman Alfred Miltote and his wife Elma have managed to



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set the moviegoer a little nearer front and center than he has ever sat before at the greatest wild animal show on earth. The best bits:

¶ Two young giraffes, in coltish mood, cross necks as men cross swords, and duel off their excess energy.

¶ Hippopotamuses, quite as dumpety-dainty as Disney imagined them in his *Fantasia* ballet, glide and swoop and teeter-tiptoe underwater, looking like corpulent, flirtatious, middle-aged belles at a eurythmics seminar, except when they gap their incredible yaps, and let the fish swim in to pick their teeth.

¶ A six-ton elephant heaves up a trunk as thick as a small tree, curls it back as delicately as a debutante's pinky, and with exquisite precision wipes a bit of foreign matter out of his eye.

Then there are the lions, but they aren't much, if the moviegoer can believe his eyes. A pride of lions is really just a snoring shame. They lie around on their backs half the day, with their legs in the air like great tawny tabbies, and the rest of the time they lie on their stomachs and lick themselves. Once in a while Mother Lion gets up and carries a cub somewhere in her mouth, or leads him along with his tail between her teeth, but she soon lies down again. Father Lion does not indulge in such violent exertions. The king of beasts reclines in raunchy grandeur, and hardly ever does anything more than raise his head to peer weakly through a cloud of flies at the antelope who pass disdainfully a few feet from where he lies, knowing that it is the queen who brings home most of the bacon. In fact, the only demonstrable hardship in a lion's life is the rainy season, during which the tropic plains sometimes lie sunk under six inches of water. The lion looks terribly unhappy about it, but he lies down anyway.

My Sister Eileen (Columbia) has a slightly tentative air about it, as if no one concerned ever quite believed the picture was going to be released. A musical remake of the 1942 movie (starring Rosalind Russell) that was, in turn, adapted from the 1940 Broadway play based on the humorous *New Yorker* stories by Ruth McKenney, the film must inevitably face comparison with Broadway's *Wonderful Town*, the hit musical (also starring Rosalind Russell) that derived from the same stories. The comparison is devastatingly in favor of *Wonderful Town*.

In the picture, Janet Leigh and Betty Garrett play the ambitious sisters from Ohio who invade Manhattan, settle in Greenwich Village and have assorted adventures with the local bohemians, the native wolves and a large part of the Brazilian navy. Janet is decorative, particularly when she romps artlessly about her basement apartment in scanties, but Comedienne Garrett's wit is more often brash than beguiling. In general, the film is callow where it should be young, and supported by dogged energy rather than a bubbling gaiety. In mid-film, Jack Lemmon adds some bracing laughter to the show with a slapstick attempted seduction



JANET LEIGH & BETTY GARRETT
One jolt of brandy for the Pabulum.

of Betty Garrett. In this scene, it is as if someone put a jolt of fine brandy into a pot of Pabulum. But once Lemmon is gone, Eileen grinds on with its predictable succession of songs and dances.

CURRENT & CHOICE

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

The Sheep Has Five Legs. French Comic Fernandel, who is much too funny for one man, plays six men. He is too funny for six men, too (TIME, Sept. 5).

Ulysses. The Homeric legend made (in Italy) into a foaming saga of sea adventure; with Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano (TIME, Aug. 22).

I Am a Camera. A nymph's regress in Christopher Isherwood's Berlin; Julie Harris, at both hooch and cootch, is a comic sensation (TIME, Aug. 15).

The Shrike. The story of a morally helpless husband (José Ferrer) and his predatory wife (June Allyson) (TIME, July 25).

Mr. Roberts. First-rate retelling of the long-run Broadway hit about life aboard a Navy supply ship; with Henry Fonda, James Cagney (TIME, July 18).

The Seven Year Itch. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy an engag- ing romp (TIME, June 13).

Hiroshima. A propaganda-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the atomic destruction of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Marty. The love story of a "very good butcher"; with Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

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BOOKS

Entente Un-Cordiale

THE NOTEBOOKS OF MAJOR THOMPSON [213 pp.]—Pierre Daninos—Knopf (\$2.95).

Books about sexuality are not always as popular as books about nationality. *Forever Amber*, for example, sold 300,000 copies in France, but *The Notebooks of Major Thompson*, which is a Frenchman's idea of a Briton's idea of France, has sold 400,000 in the past year alone. One reason for the Major's triumph over *Amber* is that the Frenchman's need for national unity seems to go even deeper than his absorption in female cleavage. As for American readers, they may stand aside, laughing, and for once watch the fish of other nations being fried.

Major Thompson is a retired, red-faced British officer who wears a bowler hat and barks "By Jove!" His name is, of course, Marmaduke, but Humorist Daninos, not wishing to make his countrymen die laughing, has not named the major's son Fauntleroy. The major's first wife, Ursula, was a British horsewoman with a face like a mare, feet like briefcases and that aversion to sex which most Britons have had since they became neighbors of the French. "Do as I did," Ursula's mother advises, "just close your eyes and think of England!" After Ursula has taken her last toss ("She fell at Bombay in the Viceroy's Cup, when the hurdle had been put up to six feet"), Widower Marmaduke marries a typical Frenchwoman named Martine, the tenderest strand of honeysuckle that ever twined round a rock of Gibraltar. Martine has none of Ursula's stamina at lacrosse, but on the field of *l'amour* can play tirelessly for hours, "devoting to love," says happy Marmaduke, "the care we [British] bring to making tea."

Some of Humorist Daninos' humorous clichés may turn the clock back half a century. But American readers will find

fun as well as truth in such extravaganzas as the major's sweeping portrait of the French nation:

"Really! How can you define people who spend their Sundays proclaiming themselves republicans and the rest of the week worshiping the Queen of England, who call themselves modest yet always talk about being the torchbearers of civilization . . . who keep their hearts in France and their fortunes abroad . . . who say they love purity of line but cherish an affection for the Eiffel Tower . . . who loathe crossing a frontier without smuggling something just to be doing it but dislike not being legally *en règle* . . . and finally, who are delighted when one of their great men talks to them of their *greatness*, their *great* civilizing mission . . . but who dream of nothing except to retire, after a pleasant *little* life, to a quiet *little* corner . . . with a *little* wife who will be satisfied with inexpensive *little* dresses . . ."

Bestseller Revisited

THE GREAT MAN [319 pp.]—Al Morgan—Dutton (\$3.50).

The boys along Radio Row and Advertising Alley always enjoy biting the hand that feeds them their gimblets and girls. Latest inmate of an Executive Suite to write an exposé of The Hucksters (TV division) is Al Morgan, a senior editor of NBC's *Home* show. His book is a shoddy production with characters that are walking clichés (lying down, in the case of the females). Its language sounds like Mickey Spillane trying to sound like Hemingway ("I belched. Loud and clear"). Nevertheless, the book has a minor and terrible fascination for what it tells about the TV business—in terms as tasteful but probably as authentic as men's-room gossip.

The book's hero-villain is Herb Fuller, "America's beloved humorist," a folksy monster of a television star. Fuller is presented as a platinum-plated s.o.b., the kind of man who would not only not kill his grandmother but, in the end, not deliver her. In his programs he mixes corny piety with dirty jokes, drinks raw gin from a water tumbler while broadcasting. Like an alcoholic stashing away bottles in convenient places, Fuller stashes away girls in convenient apartments. He once hired a psychologist to find out what kind of music has the most relaxing effect on women and put together several "Seduction Suites," consisting of six or eight records each. All the suites end with Ravel's *Bolero*—"Greatest closing piece of music ever written [for] all the different types."

When the story opens, Herb Fuller has just been killed in a car crash, and studio bigwigs are arranging the funeral: "First off we thought of St. Patrick's . . . an ideal place . . . They were nice about it, but they wouldn't buy. I think they were afraid of the crowds, but the clincher for them was that Herb wasn't a Catholic." Finally, Fuller lies in state in a TV studio ("The corpse is wearing a blue serge suit,



Walter Goetz

URSULA THOMPSON
Close your eyes and think of England.

That was a Command Decision" and a young TV hopeful named Ed Harris is assigned to write a memorial show. As Scriptwriter Harris keeps digging into the soft, rich dirt of Fuller's life, the reader will never find out more than that a heel is a heel is a heel, but he will get a behind-the-camera TV education. He will learn how to tell an executive's importance from the kind of humor with which the doorman greets him and how a recorded quote can be transformed from hostile snarl into eulogy by cutting and splicing tape.

He will learn that some TV pressagents maintain what they call their "integrity" by not smoking the sponsor's cigarettes and how a TV performer can build up a small warehouse of merchandise by judiciously dropping brand names into his patter. Finally, he will get some lessons in TV executives' lingo, the best of which might also be applied to the book as a whole: "I thought we'd just throw it on the floor and walk around it."

Mind in a Cage

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ [334 pp.]—Thomas E. Gaddis—Random House (\$3.95).

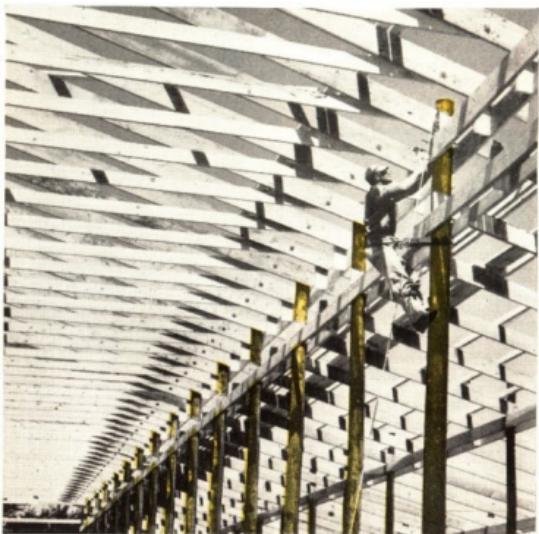
From the window of his cell in Leavenworth federal prison in the early spring of 1920, Robert Stroud watched the building of the gallows on which he was supposed to be hanged for murder. At 19 he had drawn a twelve-year sentence for killing a man who had beaten up his girl friend; while serving out that sentence in Leavenworth, Stroud had stabbed to death a guard who mistreated him. Eight days before Stroud's scheduled execution, President Woodrow Wilson scrawled on a piece of paper: "Committed to life. W.W."

The nearness of death seems to have had a therapeutic effect on Prisoner Stroud, then 30. Condemned to spend the rest of his life in prison, he made his



MAJOR THOMPSON
Forget lacrosse and play *l'amour*.

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Banker lets us know banks back re-wiring too



by

J.B. Clayton, Sr.
President

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

Several columns ago we commented rather favorably on how some utilities were helping to encourage needed re-wiring of homes by permitting homeowners to pay for the work via their monthly electric light bills.

Our comments prompted a very interesting letter from Mr. A. J. Guffanti, a Vice President of the Springfield (Mass.) National Bank, from which we would like to quote the following:

"Those of us in the banking business would not mind too much your sponsoring a movement by the power companies into the field of consumer credit if you would give a little recognition to the tremendous job the banks of this country have done in making available to the average man and wife whatever credit they need for the repair, rehabilitation and modernization of their home.

"Since 1936, Springfield National Bank has made millions of dollars available for all sorts of things beneficial to the homeowner. Not the least of these is the required improvement in wiring when new appliances—more particularly heating equipment—are installed.

"Please check around with some of the banks in your area and I know they will bear me out. I think we should receive appropriate recognition."

Needless to say, we did not intend to slight the many banks and other lending institutions who have helped finance countless home modernization programs.

Indeed, NECA has worked closely with many of them in various joint programs aimed at alerting America's homeowners to the dangers of inadequate wiring. And, with 8 out of 10 homes still judged inadequately wired, we look forward to even stronger cooperation from this direction in the electrical industry's drive to overcome this very serious national problem. National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.

solitary-confinement cell into a laboratory and himself into a major authority on bird diseases. His story, a wildly improbable triumph of will and intelligence, is compellingly told by Author Gaddis, a California social worker.

Stroud found a nest of newborn sparrows in a prison yard, took them to his lonely cell. The experience of taking care of the birds moved him, and he decided he would like to raise canaries. He painstakingly built a cage out of a soap box, using a razor blade and pieces of bottle glass as tools. Although he had gone to school only as far as the third grade, he now absorbed all that prison libraries could teach him about chemistry, biology, ornithology. Displaying heroic patience, he carried out thousands of experiments with homemade apparatus, found remedies for major bird diseases that had baffled pathologists. His 500-page *Digest of the Diseases of Birds*, published in 1943, is still widely used.

Though Stroud was eligible for parole in 1936, he stayed behind bars. The reason, apparently, was that proud and querulous Robert Stroud often got prison bureaucrats sorely annoyed at him by insisting on his right to carry on scientific work in his cell. In 1942, exasperated officials put a halt to his researches; they sent him, in handcuffs and leg irons, from Leavenworth to tougher Alcatraz. He is there now, aged 65, still in solitary confinement. He has spent more time in solitary—39 years—than any other federal prisoner in U.S. history.

Birdman of Alcatraz crackles with Author Gaddis' anger at those who helped Robert Stroud set that record. But the book's great merit is that, rather than pity and indignation, it stirs admiration for a fantastic human achievement.

Of the Everlasting Sea

SEA FIGHTS AND SHIPWRECKS (315 pp.)—
Hanson W. Baldwin—Hanover House
(\$3.95).

Napoleon was in exile, Louis XVIII was back on the throne, and a wealthy Frenchman improbably named Schmaltz was dispatched by the King to take over the African colony of Senegal. Governor Schmaltz left Rochefort harbor on June 17, 1816, aboard the 44-gun frigate *Medusa*, accompanied by a motley crowd. "There were Napoleon's veterans—fresh from the wars, scarred, hard-bitten, rough . . . There were huge colonials, their black shining faces marred with bluish tattoo marks . . . Ladies were attired and garnished . . . with elaborate coiffures and great flaring bonnets . . . while one or two *filles de joie*, painted, smiling, arch, were already looking about them."

With these non-pundit words, the New York *Times*'s Military Pundit Hanson W. Baldwin takes leave of the stern and technical judgments he has been pronouncing for years. Instead, like the blue-water sailor he used to be in the '20s, he spins some old-fashioned yarns of ship-wrangling and man-trapping, mystery and mutiny on the high seas.

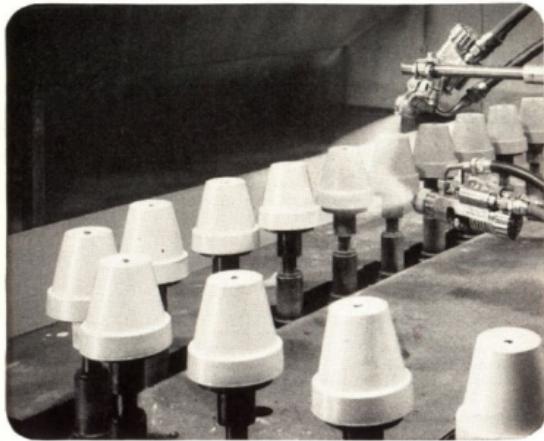


Arnold Newman
AUTHOR BALDWIN
Back in the wild blue water.

Like Rats. The voyage of Governor Schmaltz and the *Medusa* was one of seafaring history's most tragic snafus. Incompetent seamanship ran her aground on a well-charted shoal. The ship was not badly damaged, but "Governor Schmaltz refused to allow his barrels of flour to be jettisoned, [while] the captain, torn rudely from the arms of his mistress, would not permit some of the frigate's guns to be pitched overboard." As the situation grew worse, the governor, with his family, and the captain, with his mistress and his wife, left the ship safely, abandoning 400-odd passengers to their fate. Most of them crowded into four other boats or onto a crude raft where more than 100 perished. Of those left behind on the *Medusa*, only three were rescued 52 days later. "They had lived like rats on the rotting wreck . . . With knives and snarls and growls, they had greedily scavenged from hogheads and slop barrel and bilges . . . [They were found] half naked, bestial, but slobbering with joy at the sight of the rescuing vessel."

The *Medusa*'s tragic wreck is one of 18 true tales of "the everlasting sea" excitingly told by Annalopian Hanson Baldwin. In other stories, the "unsinkable" 46,000-ton *Titanic* rips her bottom open on an iceberg, the *Admiral Graf Spee* is scuttled off Uruguay (for lack of ammunition, it turns out, not from British-inflicted wounds). The most interesting of Baldwin's World War II stories are about that almost archaically swashbuckling sea-fighter ("he of the rakish air"), Admiral William F. Halsey. In grimly stirring excerpts from deck logs, Author Baldwin tells of the tremendous typhoon of 1944 that scattered and sank Halsey's Third Fleet ships as he tried to refuel at sea between battles. Baldwin's dramatic account of the Battle for Leyte Gulf includes both a castigation of "Bull's Run" after a Japanese decoy force, and 18

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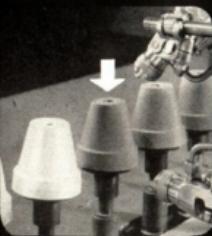
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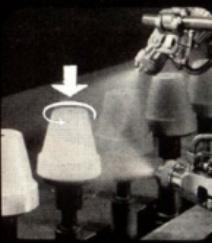
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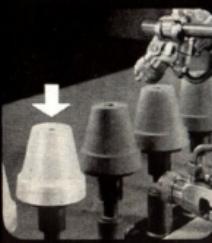
With spindles six inches apart, chain-on-edge conveyor moves unpainted pot in position.



At precise instant, two guns spray with overlapping patterns as pot revolves three times.



Painting takes one half second. If spindle is empty, machine skips it; guns don't spray.



Finished pot moves as next one automatically takes position. Total cycle lasts one second.

1st printing sold out

2nd printing sold out

3rd printing sold out

4th printing sold out

5th printing just off press



The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

SLOAN WILSON'S novel about a young executive who commutes to work in Rockefeller Center. *It is becoming the best-selling book of the year. Read it and you'll see why!*
\$3.50 everywhere.

Simon and Schuster

pages of footnotes by the Bull himself and Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid. (Says Kinkaid: "Halsey [did] exactly what the Japs wanted him to do." Halsey's report: "Bowing to pressure and turning South [to help Kinkaid] was the gravest error I committed during the battle.")

Like Brothers. Among Baldwin's best-stories: the famous mutiny on the U.S. brig *Somers* off the West Indies in 1842. Finding papers in Midshipman Philip Spencer's locker listing 31 names in Greek letters (four "certain," ten "doubtful, but will probably join," 17 "willy-nilly") the *Somers* sun-downer skipper hanged Spencer and two deckhands from the yardarm for "full and determined intention to commit a mutiny." Members of the Chi Psi fraternity, which Spencer had helped found at Union College, Schenectady, maintained that their brother had been martyred, that the Greek papers in his locker really held fraternity secrets. The fraternity song still proclaims that Spencer

*When sinking down beneath the wave
Loud shouted out: "Chi Psi!"*

Mixed Fiction

DON GASTONE AND THE LADIES, by Goffredo Parise (257 pp.; Knopf; \$3.50), is less a novel than a wedge of life sliced from the rotting melon of a prewar Italian slum and served up with no *prosciutto* of plot, pretense or preaching. The heroes are two urchins: nine-year-old Sergio and his friend and idol, wicked, ten-year-old Cena. Together the boys starve and steal, beg and brawl, and observe with bright-eyed interest the passing show of the squalid tenement in which they live.

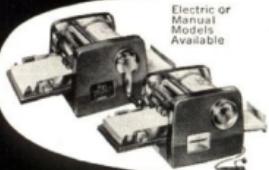
Star of that show is Don Gastone Caoduro, a vain and shallow young priest. He is worshipped by the spinsters of the parish, but is more eager for his own material success than the welfare of his flock. In time Don Gastone yields to the temptation of his own virility and the steaming charm of Fedora, a local wanton. Both Don Gastone and young Cena meet harsh and dreadful fates, but their retribution seems less an act of divine providence than plain bad luck. The book glints with realism, wit and sordid detail. Author Parise, a young (25) product of the slums he writes about, has caught the pungent smells and vivid color, the humor and wretchedness of an Italy that the tourists never see.

WATERFRONT, by Budd Schulberg (320 pp.; Random House; \$3.95). The film, says Budd Schulberg, "has no time for what I call the essential digressions . . . *On the Waterfront* left me with an irresistible conviction that there was still far more to say than could possibly be included in my screen play." Obeying that conviction, Novelist Schulberg has put into a book all the things Scriptwriter Schulberg did not get said on the screen. The result might easily have been warmed-over celluloid. It is not.

The novel tells a gripping story of New York's wrangle-tangle harbor and the crooked union that runs it; it catches

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**When the gun failed,
they used a tablespoon**



HE LEARNED acting the hard way, barn-storming frontier towns by barge and stagecoach, playing in sheds and taverns.

One night in Houston, a Texan even suggested the troupe tour through Indian country, carrying their stage weapons for protection. Joe Jefferson declined. He later said he had shivered when he imagined himself facing a hostile Indian and armed only with a stage pistol whose tendency to misfire had several times "compelled our heavy villain to commit suicide with a tablespoon."

By the 1860's, Jefferson was America's favorite actor. When he played his famous Rip Van Winkle (see picture), "one-night" towns declared a "Jefferson Holiday." Business stopped, schools closed, so that everyone could get a chance to see him act.

They loved Joe Jefferson everywhere because he was a genius at making people happy. And his sunny outlook still sparkles in the spirit of America. Like Jefferson, Americans still know how to travel a hard road and smile when the going's roughest.

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in detail the degradation and the dignity, the filth and the faith of the dock-wallopers who unload—and pilfer—its cargoes. In the movie *Terry Malloy* (played by Marlon Brando) breaks the waterfront code of silence after the mob kills his brother, and gives a state investigating commission enough evidence to start a massive waterfront cleanup. The climax shows him staggering back to his job, followed by the honest longshoremen. The novel's ending is possibly more realistic: Malloy's reward for squealing is 27 stab wounds, "apparently inflicted by an ice pick," and burial in a barrel of lime. Another difference is in the dialogue: the novel is crammed with lingo as crude as a cargo hook ("You're a pimple on the ass o' progress. Disappear").

In the "essential digressions" Schulberg has added, he has given depth to some unforgettable minor characters, e.g., Luke, the Negro foreman from Alabama ("I jest hopped me a choo-choo and sayed 'No'oth here I comes'"). While the movie focused on *Terry Malloy*, the novel's real hero is Father Barry, the chain-smoking Irish priest who prays for "the wisdom and the know-how and the moxie" to fight for waterfront reform.

THE TONTINE, by Thomas B. Costain (2 vols., 930 pp.; Doubleday; \$5.95), is Author Costain's eighth novel, a Literary Guild choice for October, and may serve only one useful purpose: to popularize the fascinating gimmick referred to in the title. The tontine (rhymes with "on green"), a fad which keeps reappearing through history, combines the suspense of the \$64,000 question with the finances of the pyramid club. In Costain's tontine, begun in England just after the Battle of Waterloo, people in each of eight age groups enter the setup at 100 guineas a head. The money and interest are invested for 20 years; the interest is split annually among the survivors. As others die, those left behind gleefully rake in more dough until one person takes all.

Into the youngest class of the Waterloo tontine went the children of Samuel Carboy and George Grace, two partners whose business marriage has ended in divorce owing to incompatibility. Alongside these wealthy kids, the daughter of Carboy's groom, Nell Groody, also joins. Then Author Costain relentlessly chronicles the lives of these participants, down to the tontineest detail. Carboy's daughter works her way through a series of polite flirtations (not a bedroom scene in 930 pages) from baronet's wife to duchess, while Grace's son parlays a naval career into a knighthood. After much 19th century history drifts by like a Bristol fog, Carboy's great-grandson and Grace's great-grand-bastard reconstitute the old partnership. In the end, of course, it is Nell, the groom's daughter, who wins. She dies after giving every tuppence to the poor.

Under Costain's pen, the tontine loses all drama and suspense, becomes simply a century-long marathon dance of unreal, Victorian marionettes.

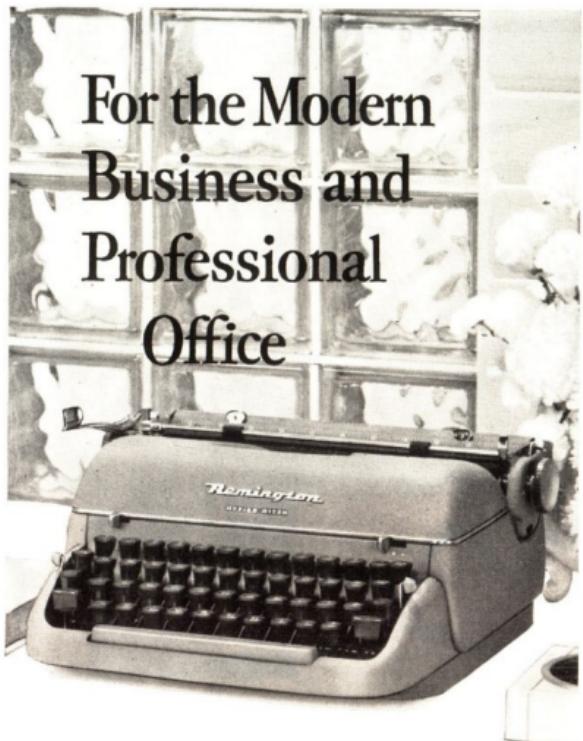
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Deal's Off. In Beckley, W. Va., Moonshiner Major Lilly hailed a truck belonging to another home whisky brewer, wondered aloud if the driver's boss would be interested in a profitable business merger, was arrested on the spot by the driver, a Treasury agent, who was taking the truck to town to impound it.

Testing. In Lake Geneva, Wis., red-faced Police Chief Melvin Swance admitted that thieves had sneaked into the city council's chambers, about 50 ft. from police headquarters, found the safe wide open, robbed it of \$16 in nickels collected from city parking meters.

Father of the Bride. In Rajgoh, India, after he told startled Knichilipur Hospital officials that the seven-month-old baby he carried in was his wife, Karan Singh, 30, owned up that after he purchased the child from her mother he decided on a marriage of convenience, explained: "It's cheaper to marry her myself than pay her wedding dowry when she grows up."

Ounce of Prevention. In Athens, Tenn., asked by police why he chained his wife to the bed during the night after he made her work the fields all day, Farmer Lee McDowell, 46, explained gloomily: "I thought she'd get snake-bit."

Sweet Sorrow. In Blackpool, England, Brian Winter was fined £5 (\$14) after he got into an argument with Gas Station Owner Ernest Wicks, slugged him on the head with a souvenir he had bought at a nearby shop—a stick of candy a yard long and four inches thick.

Never Call Retreat. In Helena, Mont., charged with shooting a bear out of season, Willis Kroll at first claimed self-defense, changed his plea and was fined \$52.50 when Game Warden William Eckerson testified that the animal had been potted in the tail.

Time After Time. In Milwaukee, arrested for smashing a jewelry store display window and stealing five watches three weeks after serving a term for committing the same crime in 1953, David W. Griffis, 28, told police: "I thought I could succeed this time."

O Pioneer! In Newcastle, England, after a football game, George Graham-slaw, 67, missed the chartered bus that was to have taken him 165 miles to his home, walked the entire distance in four days, commented on his return: "I like to be independent."

Accounting. In Hamamatsu, Japan, police arrested Bank Clerk Mrs. Toshie Suzuki after she left a note for bank officials: "I took 1,000,000 yen [\$2,778] from the vault, but felt that this was much too much for me, and I herewith return 200,000."



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